

BIBLE BEARERS IN THE ARCTIC.

January, 1910.

OUR DOLL-DRESSING COMPETITION.

Price 6d.

THE QUIVER



30 YEARS SUCCESS PROVES

CONGREVE'S

BALSAMIC
ELIXIR

THE MOST EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS
OF CHEMISTS, 1/11, 2/9, 4/6 & 11/-
MR. CONGREVE'S BOOK ON "CONSUMPTION," &c.
Post Free, 6d. COOMBE LODGE, PECKHAM, LONDON.

LADIES.—REMEMBER
that
for PRESERVING your
SKIN and COMPLEXION
from the effects of Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water

"LADY BEETHAM'S"
Regd **Larola**

IS UNEQUALLED! It entirely removes all
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, ETC.,
and keeps THE SKIN Soft, Smooth & White
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists & Store.
M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.



By means of

Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants
generally find in digesting
cow's milk alone is entirely
overcome.

FREE. We have told you already how
Mellin's Food is starch free, how it
nourishes a baby from birth, how,
when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for
mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample
bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of
the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward
same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food



Either of the following :—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96
pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of
infants from birth,

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages,
treating of the care of infants during and after
weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young
infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS,**
PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

ASK
FOR
THEM.

"The Very Best."

PLUMTREE'S

HOME-POTTED
MEATS

**Delicate in Flavour.
Superior in Quality. 20 VARIETIES.** Try them
a.l.

FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, TEA, OR SUPPER.

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, and Stores, at 6d. and 1s., in
Earthenware Jars, bearing Registered label and a signature

If cannot procure write
PLUMTREE, SOUTHPORT. for nearest Agent.

YES PLUMTREE'S MEATS
ARE ALWAYS THE
THE VERY BEST

18 2-1910
LIBRARY



Cold meat day
loses its
terrors when

E.D.S. makes the remains of yesterday's
joint into a savoury, appetising dish.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

Grand for Hashes, Stews, Ragouts, & Soups.



**RILEY'S BILLIARD
TABLES.**

6 ft. 4 in. Table, £5 5s.

Your Boys will have every incentive to spend their evenings at home if you instal a Riley Billiard Table. Billiards is the ideal indoor game—never monotonous—never wearying. Played on RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES the game is just as correct as on the standard tables. * RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining table from £3 7s. 6d. * RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables—converted in a minute—from £13 10s. 0d. Cash or Easy Payments. These prices include all accessories. Carriage paid to nearest railway station.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Borough Billiard Works, ACOBINGTON.
London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

TO BE FIRST

is to occupy an enviable position. Many aspire for first place, but few attain it. To acquire the lead, aspiration and push alone are not sufficient—merit is required. This is exactly why

BEECHAM'S PILLS

stand foremost among medicines—they possess real merit, and have proved themselves worthy of a permanent position in the family medicine chest.

Trial purchasers become regular users, because they find nothing to equal BEECHAM'S PILLS for dispelling

**BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS, INDIGESTION,
SICK HEADACHE, LANGUOR,**

and other such troubles which arise from a Disordered Stomach.

They regulate and tone up the entire system. The genuine worth of BEECHAM'S PILLS has obtained for them the unique position of having the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

THE SALE EXCEEDS SIX MILLION BOXES ANNUALLY.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).



**RETURNED
RENEWED!**

FIXED CHARGES
Postage paid one way

DRESSES Dry Cleaned 4' ea.
BLOUSES " 1' 3 ea.
CLOVES " 2' per pair

The Cleaners
CLARK & CO.
34 HALLCROFT RD. RETFORD. A.L.O.

Q.-/an., 1910.]

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S
WORLD-RENOWNED
"Glycerine & Honey Jelly"

**PATENTED
TRADE
MARK**

**"Glymigel"
Jelly.**

FOR CHAPS, ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.
INVALUABLE AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR. It softens and improves the Hands, Face, and Skin, after exposure to WIND and COLD.
OVER 40 YEARS' INCREASING DEMAND.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, 6d., 1/-, and 1/6, or sent postage free for stamps by Sole Proprietors,
OSBORNE, BAUER, & CHEESEMAN,
PERFUMERS TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,
19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.
N.B.—Sample Tube, post free on stamp.

Fry's

Cocoas AND Chocolates



Has Conquered the City

In the city—where the fate of businesses and empires often hangs upon a signature, you will find the Onoto pen making history. The Onoto is the favourite pen of all men to whom minutes are money. It never scratches or splutters, and is always ready to write. It saves time and temper because it

FILLS ITSELF & CANNOT LEAK

Own an Onoto. It is British made and guaranteed by its makers.

Price at all stationers, jewellers, etc., 10/6 and upwards.

Booklet about it Free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible tilt, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new "G" at your stationer's.

Also ask him for Onoto Ink—the best for Fountain and all other Pens.

ONOTO PEN



For the Easiest and Quickest possible Shave.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

"WHY PAY A GUINEA?"

The 5/- Outfit, as illustrated in this advertisement, comprises Silver-Plated Frame, handle and stropping attachment, with seven perfect Clemak Blades in silk-lined wooden case.

**ASK YOUR DEALER
FOR A CLEMAK.**

Clemak Blades can be Stropped and will last for years.

STANDARD OUTFIT.

TRIPLE SILVER-PLATED.

With 12 Blades and Strop, in handsome leather case, 10/6.

Clemak Shaving Soap, 6d.

CLEMAK BOOKLET POST FREE.

Send P.O. and receive your set prepaid.

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter Street, London.



1,000,000 Free Shampoos for Cleansing and Beautifying the Hair.

A SPLENDID GIFT TO THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE. BE SURE AND WRITE TO-DAY.

NOWADAYS every man and woman who desires either to preserve or enhance the luxuriance and attractive appearance of his or her hair must give it a thorough shampooing once or twice every week."

This startling, though absolutely true statement has recently been made by the leading fiving authority on Hair-Culture, a gentleman who has studied the subject all his life, and who numbers amongst his clients many of the most beautiful women and cultivated men in present-day Society.

The Average Shampoo Time-Table.

In the opinion of Mr. Edwards, the eminent discoverer of Harlene-for-the-Hair and of the "Harlene Hair-Drill," the average Shampoo time-table should be as follows:

For those who live in the country, once a week.

For those who live in the towns, twice a week.

By following this toilet-practice regularly, week in and week out, any man or woman—who lives either in the country or in the town—can grow luxuriant and beautiful hair, free from all weakness, grey-ness, discolouration, or the slightest sign of Baldness.

Beautiful Hair is Shampooed Hair.

Really Beautiful Hair is cleansed Hair.

And to be thoroughly cleansed the Hair must be regularly shampooed with a safe, scientifically prepared tonic shampoo powder, which will give it that shimmering, halo-like radiance which evokes the admiration of everyone.

1,000,000 "Cremex" Shampoo Powders.

"Cremex" is a special preparation that has been discovered for those ladies and gentlemen who desire to grow glossy and beautiful hair.

"Cremex" is the most delightful shampoo powder ever yet invented.

It is perfectly safe to use, is not inflammable, and contains nothing whatever of a harmful or injurious character.

"Cremex" is, in fact, a shampoo powder designed especially for use in the home.

Every man, woman, or even child can shampoo their hair with "Cremex" without any fear of it doing anything but good to the hair.

"Cremex" makes the hair soft, silken, and of a beautiful gloss and radiance. It prevents the hair becoming lank and clinging. Unlike some shampoo powders, it does not leave the hair sticky and greasy. On the contrary, it keeps the hair thoroughly free from dust and the scalp perfectly clean of scurf or dandruff.

Try this Free Personal Test.

Just try "Cremex" for yourself and see what a beautiful Shampoo Powder it is.

Such a test will cost you nothing, and you will be very glad afterwards that you have tried it.

All you have to do is to write to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., enclosing coupon below with 3d. in stamps for postage and in return they will send you—

1. A Supply of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for a Personal Test.

2. A Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair" containing sufficient for one week's daily trial.

3. A Copy of Mr. Edwards' well-known book on Hair Culture, containing fully

illustrated instructions for "Harlene Hair-Drill."

All the above will be sent to any address in the world on receipt of your application, enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover cost of carriage and despatch of outfit. For the outfit itself no fee will be charged or obligation incurred.

Subsequent supplies of "Harlene" can be obtained from all leading chemists and stores in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, and of "Cremex" Shampoo Powders in boxes of six for 1s. If unobtainable in your district, supplies may be had direct and post free on receipt of postal order at The Harlene Offices, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its holder to a Free Outfit for increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair, as described in the above article.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

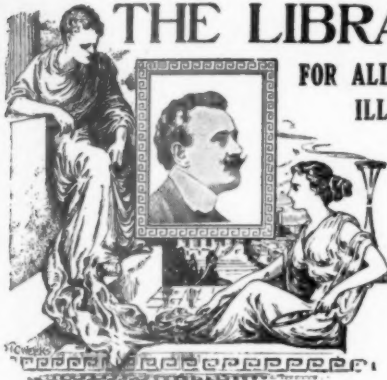
Quiver, Feb., 1910.



Cleanliness of the scalp and hair is the very foundation of Hair Health and Beauty. Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, here offers to send trial packets of his special "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for cleansing the hair and scalp. After you have used it you will not fail to note how beautifully it cleans the scalp and hair, not only without injuring it in the least, but actually exerting a healthful and "toning-up" influence upon it.

THE LIBRARY OF HEALTH

FOR ALL WHO SUFFER
ILL-HEALTH OR LACK
OF CONDITION.



An important series of
small illustrated
volumes produced for
free circulation by

Mr. EUGEN SANDOW

whose unprecedented
success in the cure of
illness without medicine
is attracting so much
attention.

These booklets clearly explain to all who suffer certain forms of ill-health, lack of condition, or physical defects how, even in chronic and serious cases, they may be naturally cured without any drug treatment or irksome diet restrictions.

See if your complaint is mentioned below. If so, fill in and forward the application form at the bottom of the page and you will receive a copy gratis and post free. At the same time Mr. Sandow will, without charge or obligation, write you an opinion upon the suitability of your own case for treatment by his method.

It has been abundantly proved that many illnesses may be cured in a quite simple and natural manner in your own home without the use of medicine in any shape or form.

Mr. Sandow is the pioneer of Curative Physical Culture. Thanks to his efforts, scientific exercise has been the means of bringing health and happiness into the lives of untold numbers, many of whom had given up hope.

Still there are unduly thousands of victims to illness in its many forms, who remain such to-day simply because they are ignorant of what Mr. Eugen Sandow can accomplish for them in

the way of relieving their sufferings and renewing their health by his system of Curative Physical Exercise.

This system, which has accomplished so much, is surely the one which merits inquiry if you are a sufferer; and if you select the booklet you desire from the list below, fill in the accompanying application form, and forward it to Mr. Sandow, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., a copy of the book will be sent gratis and post free, together with a personal letter of advice from Mr. Sandow as to suitability of your case for treatment by his method.

- VOL. I.**
1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
 2. Constipation and its Cure.
 3. Liver Troubles.
 4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
 5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
 6. Obesity in Men.
 7. Obesity in Women.
 8. Heart Affections.

- VOL. II.**
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
 10. Rheumatism and Gout.
 11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
 13. Lack of Vigour.
 14. Physical Deformities in Men.
 15. Physical Deformities in Women.
 16. Functional Defects in Speech.

- VOL. III.**
17. Circulatory Disorders.
 18. Skin Disorders.
 19. Physical Development for Men.
 20. Everyday Health.
 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
 22. Figure Culture for Women.
 23. Insomnia.
 24. Neurasthenia.

If there is no immediate use for this List and Coupon they should be cut out and kept, as the coupon entitles sufferers at any time to a copy of whichever booklet is needed.

"The Quiver" Special Form for Obtaining Mr. Sandow's Advice and Literature Concerning the Sandow Treatment.

A letter on ordinary notepaper will do quite as well, but for convenience this Form of Enquiry may be filled in and forwarded to Mr. Sandow.

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Please send me a copy of Vol. together with your opinion as to whether mine is a case for a cure by scientific exercise.

Please say whether
Mr., Mrs., Miss,
or other title.

NAME
ADDRESS

The following are essential particulars:—

Age Occupation

Duration of Illness

Give further detailed particulars
here, and continue on your
ordinary notepaper if necessary

The **COUPON** Brings the **TATCHO** Tatcho Brings the Hair.

Take advantage to-day of the Special Offer of a 4/6 Trial Bottle of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Wonderful Discovery—the Trusty, Honest Hair Grower.

Growing old is chronicled by lack of hair—sometimes by a grey hair, then a dozen, then a headful. At last you concede to your looking-glass that you are growing old. Through the lack of a good head of hair you are at a positive disadvantage compared to the man or woman with the appearance of adolescence. You will need all the patience of the searcher of the haystack needle to find a man or woman whose appearance would not be immensely improved by a nice head of hair. It sets time back by years. There is a cure for loss of hair—

A TRUSTY, HONEST CURE.

The cure is the discovery by Mr. Geo. R. Sims of the hair grower Tatcho, christened by him under this Romany title because the word "Tatcho" in the Romany language means "genuine, honest, true, worthy of belief or confidence." No discovery ever more honestly fulfilled all that is implied in the meaning of the word "Tatcho." Tatcho the Hair Grower is in use in hundreds of thousands of homes in this country and all over the world, and is admitted to be the one genuine, honest cure—

"A REMEDY WORKING MARVELS,"

to quote the words of Mr. Geo. R. Sims in his interview with the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. A poor head of hair will be made a good head of hair; a good head of hair will be made all the richer with the occasional use of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho. Any chemist or store will tell you all about Tatcho, but see that you get Tatcho. The success of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery has brought about a host of imitations of the crudest possible description, claiming to be made up according to Mr. Geo. R. Sims' recipe, but in reality nothing of the sort. The one Hair Grower, trusty, honest and genuine, worthy of your belief or confidence, is Tatcho. There is no other.

WHAT TATCHO IS.

TATCHO is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp, and five minutes with the brush daily works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

TATCHO acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

TATCHO is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

TATCHO is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1/6, 2/9, and 4/6.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the discoverer of Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair Grower.

GUARANTEE.—I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulae recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Send this Coupon for a Full-Size 4/6 Bottle of Tatcho.

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair Grower, Tatcho, 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Fill in and Mail To-day.
Name.....
Address.....
Cut along Dotted Line.

Q. Jan. 1910.



**LET ME TELL
YOU OF THE
VALUE OF
BENGER'S
FOOD
IN CASES OF
MALNUTRITION.**

Benger's Food has one of its most important uses in the cases of malnutrition so common in rapidly growing children, popularly described as "overgrowing their strength."

In these cases it is not uncommon to find that the demand for food is in advance of the digestive capacity, and, as everyone knows, bodily nutrition depends upon how much one can digest with maximum benefit, not upon how much food one can take.

Benger's Food owes its unique position to its ability to provide, when prepared with fresh milk according to directions, a food of maximum nourishing power which fully maintains bodily vigour and bodily function.

In malnutrition Benger's is of the highest possible value as a supplementary food. The digestive process, set in action during its preparation, may be carried sufficiently far to enable the Food to be absorbed with little digestive effort. It gives ample nourishment, and, while still strengthening the digestive organs, leaves them with increased vitality, free to deal with the every-day diet.

Benger's Food forms with milk, a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream, entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. Infants and children thrive on it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

Benger's new Booklet—"A Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. Every mother is therefore invited to apply for a copy post free, to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.



BENGER'S FOOD is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

"Mum"

removes the odor
of perspiration and
other bodily odors

1. If your chemist hasn't "Mum" send us his
name and one shilling, and we'll send it postpaid.

Thomas Christy & Co.

4 Old Swan Lane, Up. Thames St., London, E.C.
Gen'l Sales Agents Mum Mfg. Co., Phila., U. S. A.

Stop that Irritation.

USE the

**"ECZOLINE" REMEDIES
FOR ECZEMA**

OINTMENT—SOAP—TABLETS

The Perfect Complete Cure.

OINTMENT 1/4
TABLETS 1/4
SOAP 1/4
Postage 3d.

TESTIMONIALS FREE.

W. W. HUNTER

Regent Street, SWINDON.

LATE OF BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

A REPUTATION OF 50 YEARS is sufficient evidence of
the extraordinary efficacy of **HARDY'S BROMPTON
CONSUMPTION & COUGH SPECIFIC & LUNG SAVER.**
When all other remedies fail—try ours. Recommended
by Medical Specialists and supplied to the aristocracy.
Is 1/4d. and 2s. 6d. of all chemists and Boots' stores, or post
free from G. HARDY, Dept. Q. 42, Waterloo Road, S.E.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned
BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.
It has saved many a limb from the knife.
Cured others after being given up by Hospital.
The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all skin
DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS,
TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c.
Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7/4d., 1/11, &c., per box, or post free for P.O. form
Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 48, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice given.



WE WILL PRESENT EACH OF OUR READERS

with a beautiful Engraving from the magnificent painting by B. W. LEADER, R.A.,
on plate paper, measuring 16 by 12 inches, provided this advertisement and four penny
stamps are enclosed to cover cost of packing and carriage (foreign stamps value 8d. accepted
from abroad); or if called for, no charge will be made. Address, The Secretary, Fine Art
Galleries, 63, Baker Street, London, W. N.B.—This liberal offer is made solely to intro-
duce our Catalogue of Engravings, etc.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE ONESELF FOR WINTER AND
GET A SUPPLY OF

WINCARNIS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST RESTORATIVE.
NATURE'S FINEST REMEDY FOR COLDS
AND CHILLS.



Be wise in time, get a supply of "Wincarnis" now and keep it in the house.
Its use will build up and restore the constitution to a perfect condition of efficiency
to resist the biting winds, bitter draughts, and treacherous weather which bring no
end of illness in their train. If you are fortified and strengthened by "Wincarnis,"
winter weather can be faced with impunity. Its warm glow of vitality coursing
through the veins **NOURISHES AND INVIGORATES** every tiny nerve cell,
giving vitality to each organ of the human frame. "Wincarnis" is a revelation to those
who have never tried it, whilst its delicious and elegant flavour compels you to exclaim,
"Oh, how delightful!" Colds, Chills, Sore Throats, Neuralgia, Influenza, and other
evils of winter are ward off—and, in cases where they have already a hold on the
system, vanish as if by magic under its administration.

SIGN THE COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL.

NOW
IS THE
TIME

to recuperate health and strength.
If you send 3 penny stamps to
cover cartage, you will receive a
trial bottle free—large enough to
do you good and enable you to
appreciate its wonderful properties. Then you
can buy "Wincarnis" from your wine merchant,
licensed grocer, or chemist. It is also sold by the
glass and in 1/2 flasks at hotels, licensed houses,
and railway refreshment bars.

To COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., 224, Wincarnis
Works, Norwich.
Please send me a free trial
bottle of "Wincarnis." I en-
close 3d. for carriage.

Name.....
Address.....
Quiver, 21/10/10

NOTE.—"Wincarnis" is now sold by all chemists
in France.

PREVENTS COLDS, CHILLS, & INFLUENZA.

How are you ?



Have you had your
MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

They are suitable for
ALL KINDS OF DOGS AND PUPPIES.

NO FANCY PREPARATIONS BEING NECESSARY.

These Foods are composed of the purest ingredients only. Their unique effects are due to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the cakes are compounded. They aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in fine condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites and prevent the dogs smelling.

ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER CAKES.

Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants and

THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD.,

Dog and Puppy Cake Works,

163, TUNNEL AVENUE, GREENWICH, S.E.

In districts where these Cakes are not stocked by Dealers we pay carriage to Customers on quantities of 25 lb. and upwards.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

"MOLASSINE MEAL GIVES HORSES STAMINA."

CHILPRUFE

FOR CHILDREN
The Editors of "F.F.A.C." writes:—"CHILPRUFE is the softest, cosiest 'Woolies' invented for children's wear. We very strongly recommend these Pure Wool undergarments." Write for nearest agents and Illustrated Price List free.
"CHILPRUFE" MILLS
(DEPT. F.I.), LEICESTER.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.
The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, MESSRS. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 63, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place), London, W. Est. 100 Years.

The Ideal Loaf

must be palatable, fine in crumb, rich crusted, and contain all those valuable food elements so essential for the sustenance and renewal of the bodily fabric.

REYNOLDS' .. PURE .. DIGESTIVE WHEATMEAL BREAD

Awarded
65
Gold Medals.

Fills all these requirements, and many others we could mention.
SUPPLIED BY BAKERS & STORES.

Order Sample Loaf from your local baker.
J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., Flour Mills, Gloucester.

All that a Pen should be.

With fountain pens it is to-day—not "Shall I?" but "Which?"—meaning, of course, which pen gives the most satisfaction and least trouble. The answer is clearly

"SWAN,"

The "Swan" helped the first five prize-winners in the recent World's Short-hand Championship to success and to write 220 words a minute. That means that the "Swan" never misses or gives trouble of any sort.

because the "Swan" writes surely by natural and not mechanical aids—it is simple and strong in every detail, it holds a lot of ink, is easily filled, is fitted with the highest grade of gold nib ever produced, and gives no trouble through years of work.

GET YOURS TO-DAY!

Price from 10/6.

Sold by all Stationers & Jewellers.

CATALOGUE FREE.

MABIE, TODD & CO.,

79 & 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.,
AND BRANCHES.

WHY HAIR TURNS GREY

When a person has grey hair before becoming fifty years old, everybody thinks this is a sign of mental decay. This is a great mistake, and very unjust to those who are afflicted. The reason is due to a slight disorder in the pigmentary glands of the scalp, sometimes caused by a shock or nervousness, and more often due to neglect of the hair.

But every person whose hair is turning or who is already grey, may now rejoice, for there has been discovered a perfect remedy. It is not one of those cheap and nasty dyes or stains, but it is a preparation which feeds and invigorates the pigmentary glands, causing renewed life and a return of the natural colour. It is perfectly harmless, its use cannot be detected, and the hair gradually darkens until it reaches the shade of the days of youth. It is equally good for men and women, and if any reader of this paper would like to try a bottle I will hand same to him or her free, with my compliments, at my office, or will send in plain sealed wrapper, if three penny stamps are enclosed for posting.—Prof. PAUL LEROY, (Dept. 261 C), 54, Duke Street, Mayfair, London (two doors from Oxford Street).

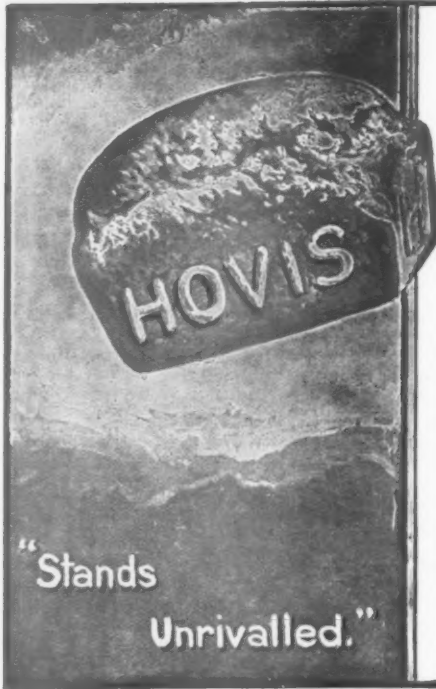


THE R.S. REDUCING CORSET.

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**For Special Information
see page 18**



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MISHAPS

Cuts, Bruises
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SCROFULA,
SCURVY,
BAD LEGS,**

**ULCERS,
TUMOURS,
ABSCESSSES, [INGS,
GLANDULAR SWELL-**

**BOILS,
PIMPLES,
BLOOD POISON,
SORES,**

**ERUPTIONS,
PILES,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, &c.,**

are entirely due to a diseased state of the blood, and can only be permanently cured by thoroughly purifying the blood. For cleansing the blood of all impurities, from whatever cause arising, there is no other medicine just as good as "Clarke's Blood Mixture"; that's why in thousands of cases it has effected truly marvellous cures where all other treatments have failed. (Two recent cases are given below.) Start taking Clarke's Blood Mixture to-day, and you will soon have the same experience.

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**BOILS,
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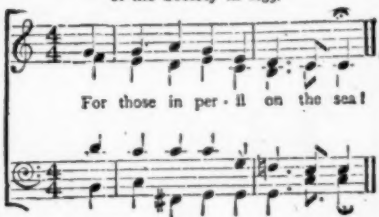
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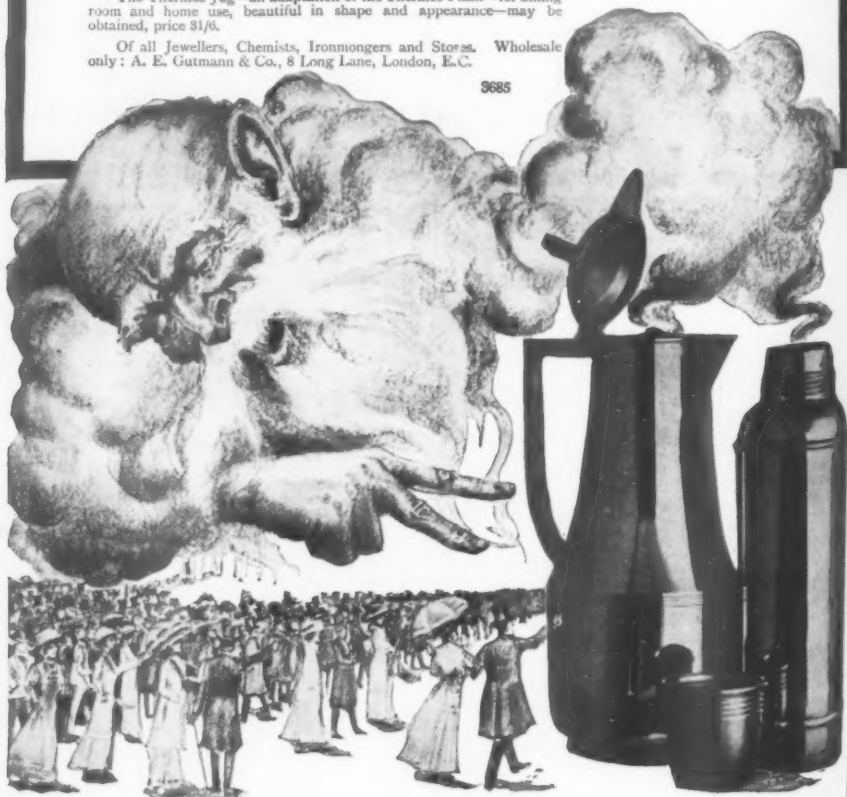
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THE QUIVER

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THIS is the time of the year when funds are most needed to carry on the work of our charitable institutions. Several of the societies helped by the League of Loving Hearts are in financial stress, and I should like to make an appeal to all old members of the League to send me a subscription for 1910. Everyone can send at least a shilling, and I am glad to see that larger amounts are coming in every month.

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including November 30th, 1909:

- 20s. from "Santa Claus."
- 10s. from "A Member."
- 7s. 6d. from "E. N." (Gt. Ayton).
- 4s. from "E. N."
- 3s. from Miss A. Bickle and sisters.
- 2s. each from Annie Mann, Mrs. E. Downton, Miss F. Millward, Miss Bridge, E. A. (West Calder), M. Rowe.
- 1s. each from Elaine Williams, Leon Möhr, E. Hope Lucas, Emily E. Bruton, Alice Blakeley, Kate K. Wallace, Catharine A. Howell, Grace A. Paterson, A. E. Sharratt, B. Frankland, Helena K. Wargent, E. A. Jones, Francis

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"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is list of contributions received up to and including November 30th, 1909. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:

- For *The Quiver Waifs Fund*: M. A. L. (Hounslow), 3s.
- For *Miss Agnes Weston's Work*: Miss C. Husband, 3s. 2d.
- For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Bradford, 1s.
- Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: C. D., 1/10.
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- The Secretary of *The Mission to Lepers* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £5 from "E. D.," Hano Road.

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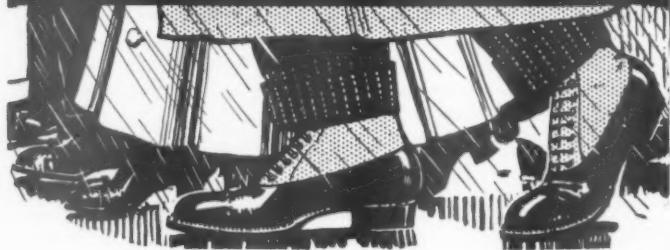
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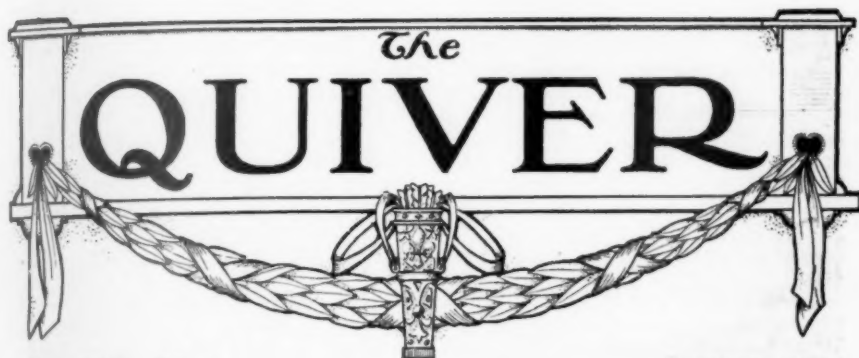
CALENDAR FOR THE MONTH

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 SAT. Lorenzo Medici b. 1448 | 15 SAT. Brit. Museum opened 1750 |
| 2 Sunday Wolfe b. 1727
<i>2nd after Christmas</i> | 16 Sunday Edmund Spenser d. 1599
<i>2nd after Epiphany</i> |
| 3 MON. Father Damien b. 1841 | 17 MON. Franklin b. 1706 |
| 4 TUES. Sir Isaac Pitman b. 1813 | 18 TUES. James Watt b. 1736 |
| 5 WED. Dr. Morrison b. 1782 | 19 WED. E. A. Poe b. 1809 |
| 6 THURS. Joan of Arc b. 1412
<i>Epiphany</i> | 20 THURS. Ruskin d. 1900 |
| 7 FRI. Fenelon d. 1715
<i>Five Insurances expire</i> | 21 FRI. Gustave Doré d. 1883 |
| 8 SAT. Alma Tadema b. 1836
<i>Camb. Lent Term begins</i> | 22 SAT. Prince Christian b. 1831
<i>King's Accession 1901</i> |
| 9 Sunday Theodore Parker b. 1810
<i>1st after Epiphany</i> | 23 Sunday Sir Lewis Morris b. 1833
<i>Septuagesima</i> |
| 10 MON. Penny Post estab. 1840 | 24 MON. C. J. Fox b. 1749 |
| 11 TUES. Lord Curzon b. 1859
<i>Hilary Law Sittings begin</i> | 25 TUES. Burns b. 1759 |
| 12 WED. Dean Alford d. 1871 | 26 WED. Mozart b. 1756 |
| 13 THURS. Geo. Fox d. 1690 | 27 THURS. German Emperor b. 1859 |
| 14 FRI. Lord Lansdowne b. 1845
<i>Oxford Lent Term begins</i> | 28 FRI. Gordon b. 1833 |
| | 29 SAT. F. H. Cowen b. 1852 |
| | 30 Sunday W. S. Landor b. 1755
<i>Sextagesima</i> |
| | 31 MON. Spurgeon d. 1892 |



THE OLD, OLD STORY

(Drawn by Reid Kelly.)



VOL. XLV., No. 3

JANUARY, 1910

Britain at the Cross-Roads

THE OPIUM CRISIS OF 1910

By D. L. WOOLMER

"This Inquiry [into the Opium Habit and the Opium Traffic] will set us as a nation at the dividing of two ways—the one leading to a retention of revenue along with great dishonour, the other to the dignity and elevation won by the resolve, at a real sacrifice, to renounce wrong."—THE BISHOP OF DURHAM, February, 1909.

"QUITTING the only place I have left with any feeling of regret.—August 30th, 1858." Lord Elgin's pen traces this, his parting record of a mission in China, where for the third time British arms have triumphed. The victorious general turns from the country a sadder and wiser man than when he arrived. Then, when steaming up to Canton, he had looked with admiration at the rich alluvial banks covered with luxurious evidences of unrivalled industry and natural fertility. Now, he is haunted with dark memories and pursued with regrets. Peace has been proclaimed, but neither to him nor to any honest Briton who is acquainted with its conditions does it bring satisfaction. "Nothing could be more contemptible than the origin of our existing quarrel," he declares. British merchants had smuggled opium into China. The Viceroy Lin had destroyed the drug, and England had chosen to support the merchants by force of arms. China had been driven to agree to legalise the trade of which Great Britain held the monopoly,

as well as to pay an indemnity of £6,000,000.

"Fancy having to fight such a people," the humane soldier wrote as he recalled a crowd of simple Chinamen willingly helping British officers to pull off a gunboat which had gone ashore, "a people who did not want to fight . . . too ignorant to resist, and too timid to complain."

His protests had been in vain. It was a soldier's first duty to obey. Chinese retaliations had pushed the British commanders to extremities. By Lord Elgin's own order the Emperor's summer palace had been destroyed, after having been, it is said, looted by the French. Oh, the pity of it! That world's wonder, with its thirty main edifices in an enclosure of twelve miles and with all its priceless treasures, was gone. And, alas, for British chivalry! A number of people, principally women, within its precincts, had committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the allies—those conquerors who bore the name of Christians. "In our relations with China we have acted scandalously," he wrote on November 6th of the same year, "and I would not have been a party to the measures of violence which have taken place if I had not believed that I could work out of them some good."

Lord Elgin's faith in his own power to

THE QUIVER

work good out of evil proved vain. The treaties and arrangements which he hoped would "put a term to the scandals of the contraband trade" in Indian opium had the reverse effect. They hastened the still greater scandals which he predicted would ensue if foreigners were entitled under the sanction of treaties to force opium into all the districts of the interior of China. The Emperor was obliged to allow the hitherto prohibited trade in the drug; but for twelve years after his defeat he resisted the temptation to cultivate it. In 1847 he had declared in a manifesto: "I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison: gain-seeking and corrupt men will for profit and sensuality defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

Well would it have been for his people if China had held fast to this resolve. About the year 1870 the Government resolved to give the home-grown poppy the chance of driving out the alien. If once China could get the trade into her own hands, then, she fondly imagined, she could deal with it severely and overcome the habit which was the curse of her people.

Another Opium War

The native scarlet poppy soon invaded the fields which had belonged to rice and other grain. China's most discerning friends regarded it as the fatal beauty of the hectic flush which betrayed consumption. Never did a noxious weed grow apace more rapidly. China proper contains eighteen provinces—six on the seaboard and twelve inland. The imported Indian drug prevailed and is still almost exclusively used in those nearest to the ports; but in the rest the native opium became the most lucrative of crops, for the supply created demand. It was, however, many years before the rivalry of the Chinese poppy affected the gains of the Indian merchants. The British Government fostered the Indian trade by every conceivable means. It recognised it as a department of the Indian Civil Service, for which, until very recent times, candidates were required to pass an examination. The cultivation of the poppy in British territory is prohibited except in parts of Bengal, of the North-West Pro-

vinces, and of Oudh. The produce from these districts is known as Bengal opium; that grown in the native States—i.e. of Rajputana and Central India—as Malwa opium. The administrative head of the Bengal opium monopoly is the Board of Revenue at Calcutta. Nearly all the opium grown in India is sent to China and used there chiefly for vicious indulgence.

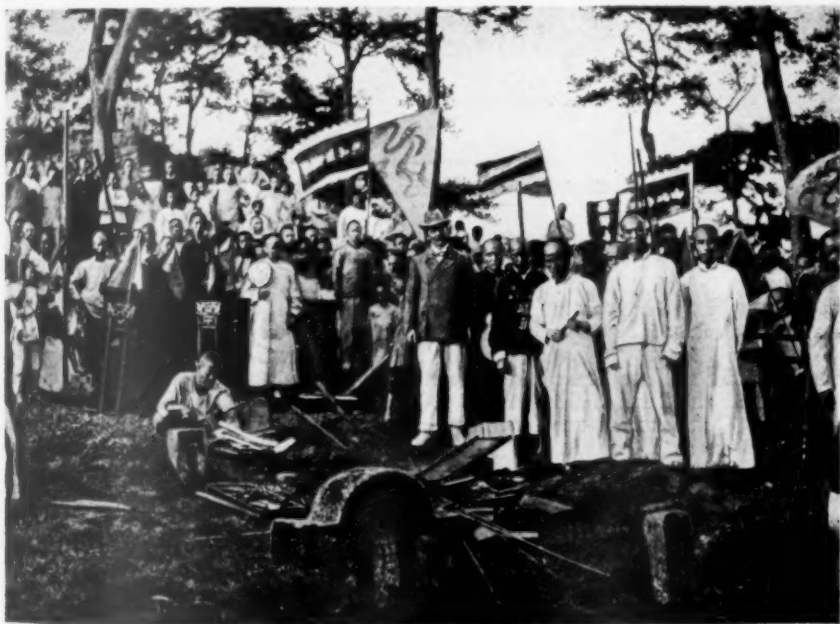
To a casual observer the fields of pure white flowers, which in India drove grain and other cereals to inferior soil, were simply a scene of loveliness. Many civil servants welcomed them as bringing remunerative employment to cultivators, and as a means of saving the *ryots* from falling into the clutches of money-lenders. The permanent policy of the Government has been to make money advances free of interest on the sowing of the poppy and for wells for poppy cultivation only. But for this many farmers would prefer other crops, for the poppy needs skilled attention and the harvest is uncertain. When the petals have fallen the pods are lanced and their milky juice dried in the sun and made into cakes. Owing to scientific care, the opium traffic with China increased until the revenue from it rose to £7,000,000. But gradually China's attempt to cut off the demand for the Indian drug met with a measure of success. The revenue from opium in India slowly shrank until it reached its present figure of about £3,500,000; the revenue in China rose to £6,500,000. Never throughout the half-century was either nation left without witnesses who pleaded for righteousness rather than revenue. "It would be a very high level of morality indeed," Mr. Gladstone said in Parliament, referring to the abolition of the opium traffic, "if we were prepared for our constituents to put 3d. or 4d. on the income tax and assume the payment of these £7,000,000." But British India found advocates who showed that its surplus income over the absolute necessities of the State was supplied by the "Heaven-sent windfall" of the opium revenue; and out of this fund the bishops and their chaplains, and grants in aid of the missionary societies from the Education Department, had been paid for many years. Whilst the Opium War was proceeding, *Fraser's Magazine* (February,

BRITAIN AT THE CROSS-ROADS

1857), described it as "chasing away the darkness of heathenism, and substituting for the iron rule the benignant sway and gentle influence of Christianity."

If the past generation accepted such salves for their pricks of conscience, can the present judge them hardly? Facts and information were not so easy to obtain as they are now. At the present time no one can plead ignorance as an excuse for want of interest in the opium traffic. The whole history in a most

England's dreams. "Take away your opium and your missionaries," Prince Kung implored, for the same treaty had opened the door to both the drug and the most ardent advocates for its prohibition. But the fatal tranquillity which it engenders appeared to creep over the conscience of both nations. The victory of Japan rudely awakened the vast empire to the discovery that a more deadly enemy than her enterprising neighbour had invaded every province of China. War



A CHINESE ANTI-OPIMUM PROCESSION.

readable and concise form, "The Imperial Drug Trade," by J. Rowntree (Methuen), is in its third edition, and other works and pamphlets on the same subject are easily obtained. Government despatches, issued at intervals since 1908, are public property, and all who will may study for themselves what impartial observers on the spot, including the British Minister, the Councillor to His Majesty's Legation at Peking, and the Acting Commercial Attaché have to report on this subject.

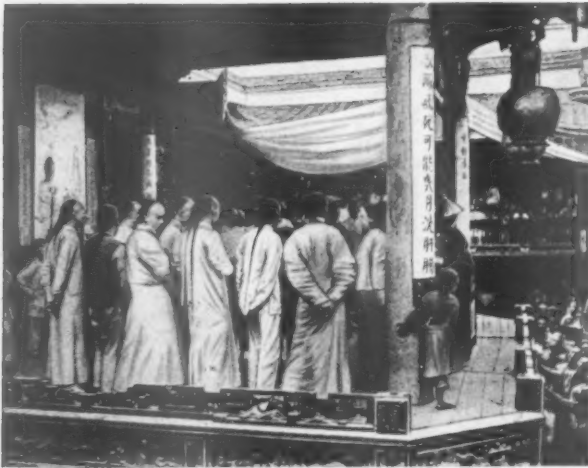
Voices from China have scarcely troubled

might have slain its thousands, but "opium had slain its millions and blasted the lives of hundreds of millions more." The habit must be overcome, or the nation cease to exist. The suspicion that the drug habit was spreading like a cancer in all the continents roused the Powers to declare a new opium war which must be international.

The Present Crisis

Once more Britain stands at the cross-roads. There can be no evasion of the

THE QUIVER



ANTI-OPIMUM MEETING IN A CHINESE TEMPLE: THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM.

question: "Shall we turn to the Right and keep straight on, or follow the course of least resistance?" Our nation is not alone in facing the problem. Thirteen have united in the inquiry propounded by the United States. "It was desired," the American Ambassador explained when he called at the Foreign Office in Westminster on October 17th, 1906, "to come to a decision as to whether the consequences of the opium habit were not such that civilised Powers should do what they could to put a stop to them."

At this time the awakening East was under the world's searchlight. A new China was revealed, alert, patriotic, and with the hitherto unknown force of a public opinion. Of her three political parties, the youngest, displaying its health by rapid growth, declared for abolition of the opium habit and traffic. It is a satisfaction to believe that England had a share in putting

of foreign and native opium be done away with in ten years," was its burden. The order was received with national enthusiasm. The voice from the Throne was fatherly in tone. It promised help, remedies and hospital treatment to repentant opium invalids, rewards to the obedient, and pity, though of a contemptuous character, to the hopeless sots. A time limit was given to opium habitués and keepers

heart and courage into the reformation. On May 30th, 1906, a debate on the opium traffic took place in the House of Commons, followed by a resolution unanimously agreed to:

"That this House reaffirms its conviction that the Indo-Chinese opium trade is morally indefensible, and requests His Majesty's Government to take such steps as may be necessary for bringing it to a speedy close."

On September 30th following, China surprised the nations by issuing an Imperial decree: "Let the poison



ANTI-OPIMUM MEETING: THE CROWD FROM THE READING MEN'S GALLERY.

BRITAIN AT THE CROSS-ROADS

of dens and shops. War was declared in China against the "foreign smoke," and never has a crusade roused greater zeal.

Whilst China thus displayed her new-born public spirit, the British Government was not idle. On July 29th, 1907, Lord Morley announced that the import of Indian opium into China should be diminished by one-tenth annually, *pari passu* with an equal decrease in the production of the native drug up to the year 1910, and Great Britain would continue to reduce at the same rate the export in 1911 and subsequent years on proof

Exchequer has relinquished £6,500,000 of revenue from the opium traffic. A recent Imperial decree says, "Though the Government is in straitened circumstances, it will neither seek to satisfy its hunger nor quench its thirst at the expense of this harmful poison, so that it may rid its people of this great bane."

The response of the people generally has been extraordinary. Mandarins have undertaken at their own private expense to enforce the law. Farmers have voluntarily rooted up their newly planted opium crops. Young men and boys have banded



BRASS BOWLS, ETC., BELONGING TO AN OPIUM OUTFIT ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED.

that China had carried out her share in the arrangement to abolish the native opium trade. Great Britain's policy was to depend on China's success in proving her sincerity at the end of three years. The term of her probation is therefore 1910. The Powers of the world have, however, already given their verdict. The first resolution of the International Commission at Shanghai recognised "the unswerving sincerity of the Chinese Government in the work of suppressing the use of opium."

Evidences of earnestness and sincerity on the part of Government and people are too numerous to mention. The

together as vigilance associations to report instances of infringement of the new regulations restricting the drug habit. Anti-opium societies have enlisted recruits by thousands. The idols have witnessed extraordinary scenes. The God of War at Liengkong, for instance, saw his temple thronged to inaugurate a "league for the putting away of poison." Twelve officials were there in their robes, and their wives were there in their enthusiasm, for nothing less could bring Chinese ladies of rank from their dignified seclusion. Bishop White (who described the scene) and other missionaries were given posts of honour.

Repeatedly in the early part of the

THE QUIVER



SMASHING UP THE METAL PARTS OF THE PIPES.

opium crusade bonfires illuminated the great cities. Enthusiastic multitudes watched tens of thousands of opium pipes being piled in pyramids; and the trays and other paraphernalia used in opium dens being heaped together, at a given signal a mandarin would approach with a torch, and the offerings, having been covered with paraffin, were consumed amid the tumultuous exclamations of the crowds. In some instances foreigners begged to be allowed to purchase pipes or trays as treasures and curios, but these offers were firmly refused. Pipes of silver or ivory and of artistic design and workmanship that the fire could not destroy were smashed with a hammer. The accursed thing was given no chance of leading victims into further temptation.

Such holocausts have a dramatic interest, likely to encourage the impulse to self-denial; but little glamour is attached to the patient, steady self-sacrifice which has entirely freed many districts from poppy growth. It is humiliating to find that a British Minister acknowledges that China is debarred from attaining the noble object which she has set before her by treaties with Great Britain. The nations remember Lord

Morley's words in the House of Commons in 1906, that "if China wanted seriously and in good faith to restrict the consumption of the drug in China, the British Government would not close the door."

All the countries which took part in the International Commission on Opium in February, 1909, are invited to send representatives to a Conference on the Opium Question, in which the United States Government is prepared to take the initiative, in April or May, 1910. The place of meeting will be either The Hague or Washington, whichever the Powers may find more convenient. A Commission is to ascertain facts; a Conference is expected to arrive at final conclusions to be embodied in an International Convention binding on the Powers represented. The Commission set Great Britain at the crossroads; the Conference will oblige her to move on in one of two ways. Her choice lies between "a retention of revenue along with great dishonour," and "the dignity and elevation won by the resolve at a real sacrifice to renounce wrong." Whilst the Christian nation hesitates, a voice from "heathen China" implores her to do right.



STACKING THE PIPES READY TO BURN.

Marjorie Ferrars, Matchmaker

A Complete Story

By ROSE COURTENAY GAYER

BARBARA'S coming home, and I'm so glad: the house has been unbearable these last two years without Barbara.

Cynthia said it was a "great relief, and a weight off her mind," and that she was "devoutly thankful." She told Hannah on the stairs this morning, and Hannah said, "H'o, you h'are, h'are you? I ain't surprised."

Hannah is often rude to Cynthia. She doesn't like her. She says she's always trying to make "h'everyone a willin' 'orse to serve her h'own h'ends"; and the other day, when Lord Beverley Musseton came to tea she spilt nearly a whole jug of boiling water over his knee when she passed him. Cynthia was furious; she spoke to dad about it, and said she believed Hannah did it on purpose.

I believe she did, too. She says she doesn't approve of the "haristocracy," that they're all "hadventurers." Besides, Hannah dislikes Lord Musseton personally, because he's paying attention to Cynthia; but I don't think it's altogether fair of Hannah, because he seems so jolly, and he was really quite nice and forgiving about the boiling water. He laughed quite heartily over it, and his knee must have pained him dreadfully. I knew why Cynthia was so glad that Barbara was coming home, because she asked Lord Musseton to dinner on the day she arrived, and Barbara stayed out in the kitchen and cooked everything herself and helped Hannah to wash up. She had a cold dinner afterwards, and then she played games with me upstairs in the nursery, because Cynthia wanted the drawing-room for herself and Lord Musseton. I heard her tell Barbara that she wouldn't be "presentable enough for Lord Musseton to see."

I didn't quite know what "presentable" was; but, if she meant that Barbara didn't look nice, it wasn't true, for Barbara always looks just sweet.

Sometimes, when Barbara thinks no one is watching her, she looks sad. I often hear her sigh; but when I asked her one day

if anything was the matter she cheered up at once, and smiled such a nice smile at me, then she shook her head and said, as she put an arm round me in a protecting way she has:

"Why, Marjorie dear, what put such an idea into your head? I'm quite happy, sweetheart."

But I think she often worries over things in secret. I wonder if it's because of me? My back is weak, and I don't grow a bit, though I'm nearly eleven; but I'm not very strong for eleven. Dr. Andrews thought a few years ago that I would only last a very little while. He told dad and Barbara, but they didn't know that I heard; they thought I was asleep. That was what made Barbara decide to go as a companion to that disagreeable old Lady Grenville. And she's been sending dad every penny she earned to be spent on delicacies for me and Derry's education; so that's why dad can afford to buy Cynthia pretty frocks and hats, because he wants her to make a "good match," though I've heard Derry say when he was home for the holidays that no man would ever be a match for Cynthia.

It's not fair, because we often have mutton and rice pudding for dinner—the mutton is made into shepherd's pie, and the rice is warmed up next day—while Cynthia has all these nice things.

Of course, I'm all right, because Barbara insists on my having all sorts of dainties to make me strong, like Derry, and since she's been home again she makes even mutton and rice pudding taste nice for the others, she cooks them so beautifully; but it's not fair, all the same.

Everything in the house is awfully shabby, too. The walls want papering *ever* so—they haven't been done since Derry and I were quite little: we used to scribble all over them—and the carpets are nearly *quite* worn out, though Barbara manages to hide the shabbiest bits with tables and things. Then there's the hall door: it's sadly in need of a new coat, poor thing. I'm really ashamed of Lord Musseton seeing it

THE QUIVER

when he calls. He came to tea to-day. Barbara made some cakes and scones, and there was some thick cream for his tea. I peeped through the door after Hannah had carried in the tea-tray, and I saw him eat five scones without stopping.

I'm very fond of Hannah, but I wish she wouldn't call him "Old Mussels," because I liked him from the very minute I saw him eat Barbara's scones. I made up my mind to tell her: she'd know he liked them then, and she'd be so pleased. He has never taken any notice of me. Cynthia said I was not to speak to him: she says I always worry people so.

II

LORD MUSSELTON called very early one afternoon to take Cynthia for a drive in his motor. I don't think she expected him: she only had on her old morning gown and her house shoes.

I knew she'd be ages and ages getting ready, because her curls take such a long time to arrange. So I crept along the passage, and sneaked past the drawing-room door; then I tried to wriggle to the window in the hall to have a look at Lord Musselton's motor-car.

But just as I came to the door he looked up and saw me. He gave me such a nice friendly smile and held out his hand.

"Hullo!" he cried, "who are you? Won't you come and shake hands? It's so cosy in here by the fire."

I went in, of course, when he said that, but very slowly, because I wanted to have a look first to see if my hands were "presentable," as Cynthia would have called it.

"I'm Marjorie Ferrars," I told him, with my most grown-up air. "How do you do, my lord?"

"I'm very well indeed, Marjorie, I thank you," he replied, laughing. It's *such* a merry laugh that it makes you want to laugh, too, though there was really nothing to laugh at as far as I could see. "What do you mean by hiding in the hall instead of coming in here and talking to me?"

Cynthia has made up her mind to marry Lord Musselton, and she says she intends to have a house in Park Lane and more servants than she can count. I did not want to disgrace her, so I put on my best manners.

"I'd much rather listen than talk," I said. "I'm not grown up yet, you see—only eleven; but I'm two years older than Derry," I added proudly.

"And who is Derry?" he demanded.

"He's my little brother," I replied, feeling very important. It was nice to be able to tell a lord something he didn't know. "His real name is Derek, but we call him Derry for short. He's at school now, but he's coming home very soon for the Christmas holidays. He's just longing to see Barbara."

"And who is Barbara?" he asked, making me sit down beside him.

"She's the very best person in all the world," I replied warmly—I always get excited when I talk about Barbara—"if you searched everywhere you couldn't find anyone half so good as she is," I added, shaking my head.

"She must be an angel," he remarked.

"Perhaps you mightn't think her one if you saw her," I said thoughtfully. "She's beautiful to me, because I love her so—better than anyone else—but men are strange creatures. I've heard Hannah say so. She says they only admire dolls with pink cheeks, golden curls, and blue eyes and 'no h'ideas in their 'eads.' She's always putting 'h's' into words; it's very curious, but she has a good heart, and Barbara tells me never to ask her why she does it, because it might hurt her feelings, and she says it's better to die than to hurt a person's feelings, and that mental pain is much worse than physical."

"So she hasn't golden curls and pink cheeks, this wonderful being called Barbara?" he remarked at length.

"No," I answered; "her face is very pale, and her hair is quite a dark brown. It doesn't curl like Cynthia's; she parts it right away from her face, and it falls into little ripples both sides, like the sea when it's calm and smooth. Her eyes are so like pansies that you want to pick them—and—perhaps you wouldn't think her mouth a bit beautiful, but I always want to kiss it, and—and—it's never said an unkind word about anyone."

"You are quite eloquent, little Marjorie," he declared. He seemed interested in Barbara.

"I hope I'm not tiring you, my lord?" I inquired politely, "because if so——"

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"No, no," he interrupted quickly, stroking my hand. "Please go on, Marjorie: tell me some more things that Barbara says."

"She tells me always to be very considerate to old people," I went on, "and very patient with the young ones, tender to little children, and forgiving and generous to everybody."

"She should be called Saint Barbara, Marjorie," he declared, "this marvellous creature you speak of."

"She's been away for three years," I told him, "working for a cross, disagreeable old woman called Lady Grenville. She sent Barbara away in a fit of rage, and she was cruel to her all those years, though Barbara never complained. But Dr. Andrews told us about it; he used to attend Lady Grenville when she was ill."

"Poor Barbara!" Lord Musselton murmured sympathetically. "By the way, why don't you call her 'Bab'?" he added, looking into the fire.

"Daddy used to call her that till Cynthia stopped him," I explained. "She said it was so silly when Barbara was so old. She's twenty-seven: is that a great deal?" I asked anxiously. "Cynthia's only twenty-three."

"Barbara is your sister, then?" he murmured. He seemed to be thinking hard about something. "How is it that I've never met her, Marjorie?"

"She's always so busy, you see," I explained. "She cooked the dinner the night you came, and——"

He gave a start.

"What a thundering shame!" I heard him mutter under his breath.

"Yes, wasn't it?" I chimed in eagerly. "Cynthia asked her to, because Hannah is so careless, and she makes all the scones



"She told Hannah on the stairs this morning, and Hannah said, 'H'o, you h'are, h'are you?'"—p. 245.

and cakes now that she's home again. What did you think of the dinner that night, my lord?" I demanded.

"Words fail me, Marjorie," he exclaimed.

"I don't think I ever enjoyed anything so much before. My cook has failed to please me since, and the cakes and scones——"

THE QUIVER

"You ate five, my lord," I put in, nodding my head at him. "I was peeping through the door; but don't tell Cynthia. I'm so glad you liked them."

"Was it five?" he asked with his jolly laugh. "I quite lost count myself; but if I'd known Saint Barbara made them I——"

I saw him bite his lip. He looked into the fire for quite a long time without saying anything else.

"Sometimes she looks so sad," I told him with a little sigh. "I suppose it's because she can't earn any more money for Derry and me, and she's worried because daddy won't be able to buy Cynthia any more pretty things."

"Perhaps Saint Barbara likes pretty things, too," he said, with a little frown, and I wondered if he were angry about anything.

"There she is," I cried excitedly, as Barbara passed the window just then with a rake in her hand. "Come out with me, my lord, and you'll see her."

I took his arm and dragged him to the door in less than no time, but he stopped all of a sudden.

"Do you think she'll mind, Marjorie?" he inquired, rather doubtfully.

"Not a bit," I told him. "She's always beautifully neat, even when she's gardening; and she won't mind your seeing her, even though you are a lord." I finished up to make him sure it was all right.

He took my warm coat down from the peg, and put it on as carefully as Barbara would have done. He handed me my cap, and then he wrapped himself in his big thick furry cloak, and we went out hand in hand.

If all lords are as nice and jolly as *he* is, I don't think the aristocracy is half so bad as Hannah makes out.

III

BARBARA was bending down over the Christmas roses when we came up to her. She had her back turned to us. I went and put my arm round her neck, and told her Lord Musselton was there.

"Cynthia is dressing," I told her, "so I've been talking to him."

Barbara turned round and faced us then.

I took one of Lord Musselton's hands and one of hers in my own.

"Oh, Barbara," I exclaimed, looking at it, "you can't shake hands with him: his are so clean and white, and yours——"

"Don't, Marjorie," he interrupted, rather sharply I thought. "As if I minded," he stammered.

"I'm sure Lord Musselton will excuse me," Barbara said, with her nice slow smile, and she held her hand up for us both to see in the frank way she has. "I've been weeding, you see," she went on, "and the ground is so wet it's out of the question to keep one's hands clean, and I want to have this bed quite finished by tea-time; the poor roses are quite choked up, they can scarcely breathe, and they're so sweet."

"But your gardening gloves——" I began. I was afraid he wouldn't think her much of an angel now: her hands were really in a terrible state, and her boots were inches deep in mud.

"Don't be angry with me for not wearing them, Marjorie," she pleaded; "the weeds take so much longer when I have them on."

I waited for Lord Musselton to speak, but he didn't seem to know what to say. He was watching Barbara, and I noticed his hands were behind his back.

"The weeds *are* bad," I remarked, to try and make him feel more at his ease. "Barbara says we are all flower gardens, my lord," I continued; "that our good qualities are the flowers and our bad ones are the weeds, and that, no matter how thickly the weeds grow round the flowers, they can never do away with the beauty and fragrance of them."

"I hope you haven't been quoting me all the time, have you, darling?" Barbara put in rather hurriedly, and there was such a pretty colour in her pale cheeks. "It's a little way Marjorie has, I'm afraid," she said, turning to Lord Musselton; "she always idealises people she cares for, and it rather gives one a wrong impression."

"She has proved a most interesting companion, Miss Ferrars," he answered, smiling at me. "I shall count myself a very lucky man if Marjorie will be my friend. What a little champion she is!"

I didn't know what "champion" was; but I knew it must be something nice, and I began to be quite in love with Lord

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Musselton; he was really *quite* too good for Cynthia.

I took the rake and busied myself a little distance from them; but when I saw Cynthia coming downstairs through the window in the corridor I came back to them again.

"Cynthia's ready now, my lord," I told him, and he bent down from his tall height and kissed me twice.

"Good-bye, Marjorie," he said, giving my

But I noticed that he stood for quite a long time bareheaded in the cold air after she had turned away from him, without saying a word. It was strange, because all he saw was the back of Barbara's head, with its shabby old hat. I was afraid he would catch cold, and—

"Cynthia, my lord," I broke in, remembering how angry she always was at being kept waiting.

As we walked round the garden path I



"I took one of Lord Musselton's hands and one of hers in my own."

hand a little squeeze; "we're going to be great friends, you and I."

Barbara bade him good-bye with a little smile in her eyes—her eyes always smile as well as her mouth—and then she went on raking the part I had begun.

I began to feel a little disappointed in Lord Musselton. He had only lifted his hat when she spoke. He didn't shake hands, so I supposed it was because he was afraid of Barbara's grimy fingers: it wasn't nice of him, I decided.

asked him why he hadn't taken Barbara's hand.

"You needn't have been frightened of a little mud, you know, my lord," I whispered reproachfully.

I thought he looked much graver and quieter, somehow. His merry mood seemed to have quite gone. He looked depressed, like daddy does sometimes.

"It—wasn't that," he said slowly. "It was because I felt I wasn't worthy to touch her hand—not worthy, Marjorie—"

THE QUIVER

Then he started as Cynthia's laugh fell upon his ear.

"I've been an age, I know, Lord Musselton," she began; "I couldn't find a thing. Run away, Marjorie; you're always bothering someone," she added crossly, as she frowned at me, and I was only too glad to run back to Barbara again.

The next day, when we were in church, I saw Lord Musselton opposite in his big family pew, and we smiled at each other in a very friendly way. Every time I looked up he was watching Barbara and me, but I don't think she saw him.

The light from the stained glass window fell upon her face, and I noticed how sad she looked in her black gown. Her eyes were fixed upon the tablet on the wall with mother's name upon it, and I knew Barbara was thinking of her.

Lord Musselton raised his hat to us when we came out. He was coming up to speak, but he stopped when he saw the Robertsons (who live next door to us) talking to Barbara. Then he stepped into his beautiful white motor and drove away.

IV

IT will be Christmas in a few days now, and I am so glad. Derry is coming home, and we are going to have such good times.

Cynthia is going away on Christmas Eve to stay with the Arkwrights till after the New Year; it was at their house that she first met Lord Musselton. *He* is going, too, and I'm so sorry, because I wanted to ask him to spend Christmas with us.

Barbara and I were in the drawing-room on Christmas Eve. My head was aching, and my back was tired, so she made me lie on the sofa near the fire, and covered me up with a warm cosy rug. Then she went to the piano and sang to me. She had just begun "Play in your own Back Yard" (it was one of my favourites), when I thought I saw the door open softly, but no one came in. I must have made a mistake, I supposed, so I just lay and watched the pretty red coals in the grate. I felt so sleepy. My eyes closed.

When Barbara stopped singing someone came into the room. I thought at first Derry had arrived, but when I rubbed my eyes I saw it was Lord Musselton.

"Please don't stop, Miss Ferrars," he exclaimed quickly to Barbara. "I wanted to hear you finish the song, so I asked Hannah not to announce me. Why Marjorie," catching sight of me, "what is the matter?"

"I'm just tired, and my head is aching a little," I explained drowsily, while Barbara went on playing softly; "but I thought you were going away, my lord? Why—"

"The motor broke down," he interrupted hurriedly, "so I'm going to stay at home, after all, Marjorie."

He sat down on the sofa by my side; then he put his arm round me, and drew my head on to his shoulder.

"Poor little girl," he whispered in my ear, in his nice fatherly way, "I'm so sorry about the headache, and to-morrow's Christmas Day, too. What terrible bad luck, Marjorie!"

Barbara stopped playing then. She brought her work basket and sat down on a low chair the other side of the fire. She had on the old black gown which used to be mother's—she always wears it in the evenings—and her hair was parted in the way I liked it best. She was busy making a warm petticoat for me.

"Thank you for the song, Miss Ferrars," Lord Musselton said to her. "What a sad, plaintive little one it is!"

"Yes," Barbara agreed in her sweet low voice. "Marjorie and I always feel so sorry for the poor little black boy whom none of the other children loved, and who was so sad and lonely in his big back yard, while the lilac trees were blooming."

"I wonder why it was, Barbara?" I asked sleepily.

"I'm sure they didn't mean to be cruel, dear," she answered as she bent over her work basket; "they were too young to know any better, and there will always be plenty of lonely little children in the great world, crying because their little hearts are sore, till they hear God's voice calling them to Himself to be comforted."

We were all silent after that, and then I said:

"Did you enjoy the sermon on Sunday, my lord?"

"The sermon, Marjorie?" he asked. "I'm afraid I didn't listen as attentively as I ought to have done. I was looking at the face of a saint opposite. It was very

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fair to look upon, and I was thinking how very much better my past life might have been if——"

He broke off then and sighed. I was just going to ask him which saint he meant, when we heard something stop at the gate, and Derry's voice in the hall.

"It's Derry, dear little man!" Barbara exclaimed joyfully, her work falling to the ground at her feet in her hurry to see him.

We all went into the hall to welcome him back, but he had eyes for no one but Barbara. He flung himself into her arms, and covered her face with kisses.

"Barbie, Barbie!" he shouted; then he seemed to choke all of a sudden, and he was sobbing on her shoulder.

"Derry, boy!" was all she said, as she crushed him up in her arms.

I drew Lord Musselton into the drawing-room again, because I knew Derry wouldn't like to be thought a baby; while Barbara went to tell daddy he had arrived, and to get him some supper.

When I turned round again I saw Lord Musselton pick up Barbara's work and press it to his lips.

"It's a petticoat for me," I told him as I went back to the sofa and settled myself at his side. "Why do you do that, my lord?" I asked.

He laughed then, and I noticed how red his face was.

"I was kissing it, Marjorie," he declared. "You don't mind, do you? I'm so fond of you, and you're going to wear it, you know."

When Barbara and

Derry came in again, not even the description of Lord Musselton's motor-car (which he told us was a Panhard) could tempt Derry from her side. I tried not to be jealous, because I had had her all the time he was at school.

Barbara told me next day that I fell asleep upon the sofa at last, and that Lord Musselton carried me upstairs to bed. He must have carried me *very* carefully,



"He played snapdragon with us, and kissed me under the mistletoe"—p. 252.

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because I don't remember anything about it.

* * * * *

We had a lovely time on Christmas Day. Lord Musselton came to spend it with us, and the motor was full of presents for everyone. He played snapdragon with us, and kissed me under the mistletoe.

"I've never enjoyed a day so much in all my life, Marjorie," he declared when he was going away, "though you're too young to know why, little girl; but it was *you* who showed me the substance when all I thought of was a fleeting shadow, as many a fool has done before."

I didn't understand, of course, because I was only eleven; but I was glad he had enjoyed himself.

He was awfully good to us that week. He took Barbara and Derry and me motoring all over the country. Quite a colour had come into Barbara's cheeks, and Derry and I were in boisterous spirits.

On New Year's Day, Patterson (Lord Musselton's chauffeur) took Derry and me for a twenty-five mile ride. Lord Musselton didn't come. He said he wanted to talk to Barbara.

It was quite late when we returned—long past tea-time. When we ran into the drawing-room we saw him in the firelight all by himself.

"We've had the jolliest spin, my lord. It was stunning of you to let Patterson take us," shouted Derry; "but, I say, where's Barbara?" he demanded.

"Don't disturb her, old man," Lord Musselton answered in a low voice. It was so hoarse and strange that we scarcely knew it. His head was bent down, one hand shaded his eyes, and the other hung down limply at his side.

"Good-bye, little friends and comrades," he continued. "I—I'm going away, and I wanted to kiss you before I went."

His head had fallen forward in his hands. What could it mean? Derry and I stared at each other blankly. Derry put an arm round his neck, and I nestled up against him.

"You have a headache," I said gently, as Barbara would have done. "Isn't that it?"

"No, Marjorie," he sighed; "it's this poor heart of mine. There's such an achy pain in it, and I was so happy last night.

When the old year died away and the glad new one was born, I thought, I hoped—"

"I say, look here, you're not going away, are you?" Derry broke in, while I kissed him affectionately.

"What is it, my lord?" I asked timidly.

"Is it—is it Cynthia?"

"No, Marjorie," he answered, pressing me to him closely; "it's Barbara—Saint Barbara. I had a passing fancy for a girl's face—once. Now I love a woman's beautiful soul, full of exquisite tenderness, and this love is quite unlike anything else my life has known."

I only pressed his hand in both my own, to let him see I was beginning to understand.

"I'm unworthy to breathe the air she breathes, to tread the ground her feet have touched," he went on; "but I've dared to love her, Marjorie. She's different from all the other women in the world—as far above me as the stars in heaven."

We nestled up closer to him, but we didn't speak. We were only children, and we didn't know what to say to comfort him; but he was troubled, and that was enough for us.

"She doesn't love me," he continued, trying to smile at us; "so I'm going away for a long, long time; you may never see me again, but don't forget me."

He held us for a moment in his arms as though he would never let us go, and then he was gone.

We were very miserable after that; we crept upstairs to Barbara's room, and opened the door softly.

She was sitting by the window. We could see her in the moonlight, but she didn't hear us come in.

As we stood there and watched her in silence she suddenly stretched out her arms.

"I love you, Beverley," I heard her say, with a little sobbing breath. "I love you, but I've sent you away from me. It was the only way—for Cynthia's sake."

Then her head fell forward in her hands as Lord Musselton's had done, and I knew she was crying.

I drew Derry out of the room and closed the door without making any noise, and we went downstairs together.

So it wasn't Cynthia he cared for, after all. It was Barbara, and she loved him, too; but she had sent him away for Cynthia's sake.

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When I talked to Derry about it he said he was glad, because Lord Musselton would have taken Barbara away from us—he was a “thundering good sort,” he added, but he couldn’t spare Barbara.

But all I remembered was Barbara’s sobbing cry and his sad eyes. All that night I lay awake thinking of them both, and when morning came my mind was made up.

Directly after breakfast I set out for his house. It is surrounded by tall trees, and it is called “The Beeches.” It was nearly an hour’s walk, but I didn’t care. He was going away. I must stop him in time and tell him the truth.

He was at breakfast when I went in, and I told him everything while I had breath left.

Then I felt very cold all of a sudden, though there was a big fire in the breakfast-room. My head swam round, and everything seemed to go with it.

When I opened my eyes again he was bending over me with an anxious face.

“Are you better, Marjorie?” he whispered. “Just to think you’ve done all this for me! How can I ever repay you, staunch little friend of mine?”

Patterson drove me back in the white Panhard, and I told them I had been to say a last good-bye to Lord Musselton. I had made him promise not to come and see Barbara again for a week, because then she wouldn’t think I had had anything to do with it. I was afraid she might think I had done wrong.

But before the week was finished came a wonderful piece of news. Cynthia was engaged to an old man who had twice as much money as Lord Musselton. What a

relief it was, because I’m afraid Barbara would never have married him on account of Cynthia.

* * * * *

Before Christmas came round again they were married. It was a quiet little wedding, but no bride could have looked lovelier than Barbara.

When the time came for them to go away Derry and I felt strange and lonely at the thought of being parted from Barbara.

“I can’t leave them for long, not even for you,” she whispered to Bevy, “my poor, little motherless darlings!”

“And I can’t leave them long, even for you, Bab,” he answered; and somehow it didn’t sound a bit silly when he called her that, though she was so old.

He held her face between his hands and looked deep down into her eyes, and then he bent and kissed her.

He had forgotten that Derry and I were watching him.

* * * * *

Cynthia has a house in Park Lane. It is full of servants, and she has three motor-cars, and ever so many horses. We very seldom see her; I think she is ashamed of us now that she is so rich.

Barbara and Beverley still live at “The Beeches.” Her eyes have such a bright light shining in them now, like they used to have before mother died.

Dr. Andrews thinks I’m ever so much better. He says I may live to quite a great age, and I’m glad.

Hannah has quite changed her opinion of lords. She says, “They ain’t ‘alf bad: they h’only take a bit o’ knowin’.”



This is the first of a series of articles, "Looking Backward." Other reminiscences will be contributed by the Bishop of Durham, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, &c.

The Early Days of the Church Army

By the LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH

WHEN asked for the reminiscences of a pastoral life of over forty years, it is not easy to select what would be the portions of that time the recital of which would be the most useful for the readers of the publication in which such reminiscences are to appear, but I think that there are three points which stand out in my estimation as subjects on which a few words of reminiscence may be of value to those who may be good enough to give their attention to this article.

And first of all I would say a word about my year of preparation for ordination, and the years of my curacy under Dr. Vaughan at Doncaster.

At that time Dr. Vaughan's work in training men, graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, for Holy Orders was in full activity. This admirable service he carried on when he left Doncaster to undertake the duties of the Master of the Temple, and also later on when he left the Temple and acted as Dean of Llandaff. I do not fear that this part of his life's work will ever be forgotten by any of those who came under its influence, but with the flow of time the names of even the greatest leaders of the Church may pass into comparative forgetfulness unless we take pains to remind the oncoming generation of what we owe to those who, like Dr. Vaughan, both by personal influence and by literary work, moulded to so great an extent the religious feeling of the day in which they lived. It is a matter for regret that no one has been raised up to carry on the work of Dr. Vaughan in the preparation of young men for Holy Orders. Such service demands peculiar and varied gifts, and while we hope that it is being well performed in the numerous theological colleges, and may be carried on in future years, we cannot fail to give a testimony to the excellence of the labours of Dr. Vaughan, and those years with him at

Doncaster remain in my memory as a bright and blessed retrospect.

Another point of interest in my life was my time as secretary and domestic Chaplain to Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York. The simple-minded piety, the absolute straightforwardness, the power of the truly great man to bring his mental grasp down to the level of his companions, the strong unfailing charity, the quick sense of humour, the thorough grasp of the progressive life of the nation and society around him, made everyone who was brought in touch with him appreciate and understand the real power and greatness of the man. To go with him to such a centre of life as Sheffield, and to see the way in which the men of such a place hung on his utterance, and in every way expressed their confidence in him, was a real profitable pleasure to those who, like myself, accompanied him on such visits in his diocese. I look back to those happy days at Bishopthorpe and the York diocese as days of valued experience and teaching, and I feel that such a time must not be left unnoted in this retrospect.

And the third reminiscence on which I am invited to say a word to you is the commencement of the Church Army.

The Start of the Church Army

I remember how, one day, early in 1880, I gave an appointment to interview a young man who had for some years been employed in a City business, and had, during that time come under the influence of Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, and had undertaken some definite Christian work, and had gone on from that to labour with the Evangelisation Society. This was Wilson Carlile, who had been led to desire Holy Orders, and was ready to join my staff of clergy at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. I can also remember the evidence he gave me

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH ARMY

of humble zeal, and earnest love of souls, and simple piety, that so impressed me in the man. I readily gave him his title for Holy Orders, and he was ordained deacon in St. Paul's Cathedral by Bishop Jackson at the Lent ordination in 1880. His work as a curate at Kensington was specially at the district church of St. Paul's, in Vicarage Gate, where he had Mr. W. E. Haigh (now Vicar of St. Paul's, Clifton) as his senior fellow curate. One part of his labours was amongst the soldiers quartered at Kensington barracks, who were under my charge. We had then quartered there a company of cavalry from a regiment at Hounslow barracks, and a part of a regiment from the Wellington barracks, who mounted guard at Kensington Palace; and amongst these men Mr. Carlile began an earnest work, both in preaching to them at their special services in St. Mary Abbot's Church every Sunday morning at 9.30, and visiting their families in the barracks, and there is no doubt that the experience learnt there has not been thrown away.

Another splendid work in which he and his wife took a great interest was that carried on amongst the Metropolitan Police. Their station was close to the parish church, and when Mr. Carlile came to us he was asked to take up this work. He undertook to conduct the weekly services for the men every Wednesday at one o'clock, when they came to be paid at the station. A Bible class was also started for the men, and held at Mr. Carlile's private house in Sheffield Terrace, where Miss Katharine Gurney came

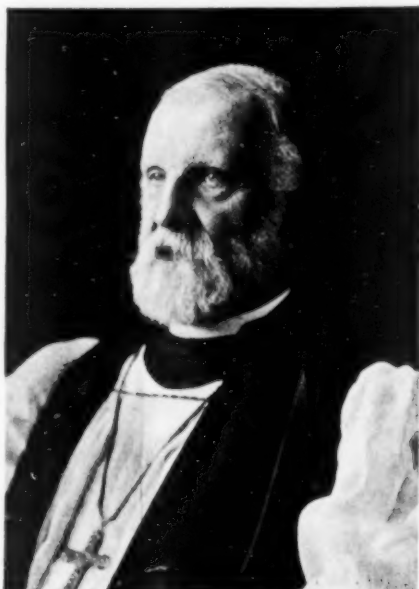
sometimes to help Mrs. Carlile with the class, and out of these little gatherings there sprang the inauguration under Miss Gurney of the Christian Police Association, which has done such real Christian service amongst so many branches of the Metropolitan Police.

Mr. Carlile's First Lantern Service

But it was the open air work in which Mr. Carlile took part which could most rightly be called the beginning of the early days of the Church Army, and this was brought about in a remarkable way.

The Sunday evening congregation at St. Paul's, at which Mr. Carlile was the usual preacher, was not well attended, and I remember how, at our Monday morning gatherings of the clergy of the parish, we had discussed the means of making those services more generally appreciated. Mr. Carlile proposed that at the close of each Sunday evening service in the iron church there should be an adjournment made to the national schools, which were close to the parish church, and that he should there give a lantern

lecture. This form of service was a novelty at that time, and I was prepared to receive the criticisms and remonstrances that were sent to me by not a few members of our congregation. But we persevered with it, and soon the schoolroom after-meeting services were crowded every Sunday by a congregation just such as we had desired to attract. Amongst others the "street boys" were abundantly represented, and they did all they knew to tire out the patience of the preacher; but



(Photo: Russell and Sons.)

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

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Mr. Carlile proved himself their superior, and won their allegiance.

From these schoolroom meetings there grew the outdoor gatherings, held just outside the old Vestry Hall, in the High Street. These services were held about 9 o'clock each night, and very soon a band of devout and earnest men was formed, who would stand up, prepared to say a word of earnest invitation to the true Christian life, and who thus formed the nucleus of the Church Army officers. As they became more practised, Mr. Carlile began to send them out to the slums of North Kensington, to what is known as "The Potteries" and elsewhere, where they would hold meetings either in the poor lodging houses, or in the open streets.

And the next step was the foundation of the Sunday evening service in the old Vestry Hall, Kensington, which was a step in advance in organisation and usefulness from the Sunday evening services held in the national school, and these Vestry Hall meetings were carried on until 1882.

Their discontinuance was forced on us by the police, but this proved to be a blessing in disguise, and ultimately led to a further development of the Church Army life and work, for on consultation with Canon Wilkinson, then Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and with Canon Hay Aitken, of the Church Parochial Mission, it was resolved that the Church Army should be started as a branch of the Church Parochial Mission. The Church Army sub-committee of the Church Parochial Mission was formed, and consisted of Mr. Reginald Braithwaite, Mr. Edward Clifford, Dr. Armitage, Mr. W. Armitage, Mr. J. Brooker, and the Rev. W. Carlile.

Under this committee the Church Army was definitely organised, and Mr. Carlile would himself be the first to own that the co-operation of these sympathising, earnest fellow-workers was the greatest help and advantage to the early life of that great organisation.

Of that band of helpers there was one whose residence in Kensington Square had given me the privilege of his friendship, and who, for the time and service he devoted to the Church Army, deserves the highest praise: Mr. Edward Clifford, then known as a popular portrait painter,

lived in Kensington Square, and was engaged in mission work in the East End of London. He first met Mr. Carlile when he was establishing the cause of the Church Army in Walworth, and he remained to the end of his life a vigorous and influential helper of the Church Army.

In the parish of St. Mark's, Walworth, the Church Army found one of its first fields for mission work. The mission hall was in York Street, and there, as well as in the large open-air Sunday market, a great deal of good



(Photo: Halton.)

THE REV. WILSON CARLILE.

was done. After the Walworth mission, an opening was made in the slum district of Westminster, then considered—not, I fear, unjustly—one of the most depraved parts of the Metropolis. The vicar of the parish, as is always the rule with the Church Army, was first consulted on the subject, and his co-operation in the work was readily obtained. The headquarters were established at Portcullis Hall, in Regency Street, a street off the Horseferry Road, and here a vigorous and earnest work was begun. Some stormy scenes were witnessed, but the determined perseverance of the workers won the day,

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH ARMY

and though the "Westminster days" are still remembered by the Church Army as a time of much difficulty and trial, there is no doubt that the work done there not only strengthened the workers, but gave to the public an exhibition of the useful co-operation of the Church Army with the general work of the Church, and helped to bring greater demands upon their ready services.

This was the beginning of a work that is now so general and familiar that it needs no more announcement than its own activity and wide-minded zeal to gain for it the sympathy of Christians of all denominations. Thus from small beginnings and with many disappointments and discouragements, but with wide catholic generosity of belief, and faithful adherence to the truth of God as



THE WORK OF THE CHURCH ARMY: WOMEN'S WORKROOM.

who have, by its agency, with the Holy Spirit's hand, been brought out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

We owe to Mr. Carlile a deep debt of gratitude; we owe to the workers of the Church Army, both men and women, our heartfelt thanks; but, above all, we owe to the Almighty Father our humble gratitude that He has been pleased to prosper and to bless this human instrumentality for the increase of Christ's Kingdom and for the glory of God.



THE WORK OF THE CHURCH ARMY: MEN AND LADS APPLYING FOR ADMISSION TO THE LABOUR HOMES

Love's Barrier

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

CLAUDE SECRETAN, Vicar of Midcar in Yorkshire, whilst on holiday in Paris makes the acquaintance of Helen Revell. On returning to the parish he tries without avail to forget her. He is poor, and his house is kept by his sister Jane—a very fine, strong-minded woman whom he has scarcely appreciated. Quite suddenly upon their quiet lives comes a bomb in the shape of a letter from Helen Revell to Secretan, asking his advice. He at once goes to Colchester, where she is living with her stepmother, and she tells him of her unhappy and humiliating position. He promptly declares his love and offers her marriage. Knowing that she has no love for him, Helen hesitates, but is at last overborne by his passionate pleading. He at once informs her stepmother, who receives the news of the engagement with considerable irony.

CHAPTER VI

BE HE COURTIN'?"

ANN COYNE looked out from the door of the shop, up the street and down the street, and saw nothing but the pelt of the rain.

"Eh, them blashes, Aaron, they get on a body's nerves! A'al to Lydia Rash, A'am thinkin', an' get mi body tried on. Shoo woan't be busy, though their woan't be th' price ov thet body made in th' shoap atween this an' tea-time."

"Nah, that their winna, lass," replied Aaron, as he spread his capacious arms across the counter. "But away tha goes! It's a bit o' a gossip tha wants wi' Lyddy, for sure."

"Weel, an' if it be, Aaron, wheer's th' harm? When a woman is soa full up shoo cannot take interest in th' dooins ov her naybors, shoo's gittin' ready for Kingdom come. A'am not near ready yet, Aaron. Step back an' git me me owd cloak."

Aaron, whose weight of flesh oppressed him and inclined him to a lazy habit of body, sometimes irritating to his active-brained and active-bodied wife, slowly hobbled round the end of the counter, and took the old waterproof from behind the door at the far end of the shop.

"Seems loike as if the A'mighty had His knife in Midcar. An' nobbut's seen th' sun sin' th' Rector came whoam. David Lovejoy ses th' Rector 'as pooiled a mighty lang face sin' ivver 'e's bin whoam. Hast tha noticed it, Ann?"

Ann nodded solemnly as she folded the cloak about her ample figure. Her comely face, tinted red and brown like a winter apple, lost for a moment its usually bright expression.

"Th' Rector, Aaron, wants takin' in hand, like the res' ov your sect, bi a gooid woman what knows her place and his.

It's bad for 'im not to be marriet. A'am aye sayin' to Lyddy Rash an' other lonesome females thet a fair to middlin' husband is better than noan. 'Tis th' same wi' a wife. Even if shoo doo hev a naggin' tongue, shoo be better than nobbut: wives be like corny tocs, they meks a body mind their steps."

With which bit of homely philosophy Ann stepped cheerfully out into the rain, and turned her face up the steep slope of the street.

Midcar looked as if it had been flung in a hurry, a handful of dwellings, on the windward side of the hill; and strangers driving through or seeing it for the first time never failed to ask who had been responsible. The moor was at the back, miles and miles of open country melting into illimitable space. From the summit of the ridge the land dipped sheerly to one of the more fertile valleys of the West Riding, the beauty of the outlook only marred by the chimneys and the smoke of many factories. Yet not altogether marred, for wherever there are signs of life and of organised industry there must be the cheerful bustle of communal life, where the solitary are set in families, and where kindly human interests flourish in congenial soil. Places like Midcar are individual and apart, serving their purpose in preserving intact some of the more rugged types of character akin in some of their elements to the keener atmosphere in which they are cradled.

Ann Coyne knew nothing of types, but was herself one of them.

She was known far and wide, beyond the limits of the little shop in Midcar street, where it was possible to obtain almost everything that a simple taste could want. Coyne's was well known and patronised within a wide radius; Ann herself being an excellent woman of business.

Aaron was lazy; in other words, what was known in the district as a tyke. Ann put

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up with him, and had long since given over rating him for his lack of perspicacity, having after much cogitation come to the conclusion that the Almighty, for some reason of His own, had built Aaron that way.

Ann herself was the head and front and core of Coyne's, as the emporium was familiarly designated, and she seldom slackened her energies. They had done well financially, and had a very tidy balance in the bank at Bradfield, but had none of their own to will it to. Ann's one real cross, for she did not take Aaron seriously now, was her childless state. She was a big-bosomed, big-hearted woman, with room for armfuls of little children, and her unsatisfied hunger sometimes gave her comely face a strangely pathetic look. She made no moan, however, but filled the gap by mothering other people's children. There were not very many in Midcar. It was a place hard on young tender life, and they seemed to die off in infancy.

The bleak moorland air made for the survival of the fittest, indeed, but there were too many little graves on the churchyard slope.

Often Ann was puzzled over the inscrutable ways of Providence, and when she went to lay out some little figure, nipped like a bud on the stalk, she would make her secret protest against His decree. But she never openly murmured, but preached resignation and hope. Her religion was her life, and she realised, as most women do, that to permit or encourage any assault upon it would recoil upon herself. It was one of the things that had to be left like her own childlessness and Aaron's lazy bones, and Betty Kenward's love for the glass, and Lydia Rash's knotless way of doing, to some far-off but sure day of reckoning, when all things would be made clear.

It had been such a rainy autumn that most of the visitors at the big houses had fled disgustedly back to town, and there had been fewer big orders at Coyne's than Ann remembered for many a year. She felt a little depressed as she set out manfully for Lydia's cottage, which stood hard by the Rectory gate, and was the last house in the village.

Lydia was a dressmaker, a large angular female, with a strident voice, a quick eye, and a mouth full of pins. The skill with which Lydia managed to hold so many pins

without swallowing one was a subject of frequent discussion and speculation among the children, and Ann sometimes remonstrated with her.

"Ef th' A'mighty 'ad meant ussen to mek pincushions out of oor mouths, Lyddy, E'd 'ave provided fer it. Take 'em oot, lass, or yo'll be gotten some reet into yore inside, wheer it'll tek some cuttin' to get 'em oot. A'am noan keen on they doctors cuttin' intil me, an' that's what'll 'appen to you, Lyddy, if soa be yo bain't more keerful."

But Lyddy pursued her even way, and continued to convert her mouth into a pincushion. She took half a dozen from it now, in order to give Ann good-day when she stalked in at the front door, without knocking, in her usual familiar way.

"A'a nivver saa sich a year fer weat, A'a didn't, Lyddy," quoth Ann with a sigh as she paused to take off the old cloak and shake off the drops from it at the doorstep before she hung it up. "Well, it keeps the dust doon and lets th' weeds oop. It's a puir 'eart that nivver rejoices."

Her cheerful tone failed to chase the gloom from Lydia Rash's face.

"Come in, Ann. A'am jist aboot fed up wi' they lasses. Thet Kitty Speight is a perfeck little fule; shoo'll nivver be tow't th' dressmakin', nivver in this world. An' thet Megsie, shoo 'as jes' put a gore in Miss Jane's skirt upside down, an' marked it a' wi' th' needle. A'a was thet ashamed, when Miss Jane coom fur fittin' this arternune, A'a didn't knaa wheer to luk. Yes, A'am ready fur tha, Ann; coom in, and set doon."

The little cottage, consisting of three apartments, was wholly given up to the business of dressmaking, and to Mrs. Coyne's orderly eye presented an appalling litter of untidiness.

"If they meks sich a mess ov a simple thing, Lyddy, why doan't tha set 'em on to clear the place a bit? Who's body am A'a settin' on now?"

"Nobbut's body, Ann, it's only a piece ov spare linin'. Set doon, an' doan't worrit. Thet bombazine of yores is going to luk real smart, though it doo be twenty year ooten the fashion. Miss Jane shoo admired it somethin' gret. Shoo ses they doan't mek anny stuff to match it fur wear noo-a-days."

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"Faith, and thet's wheer shoo's reet, Lyddy," replied Mrs. Coyne, much gratified by this tribute to the wear resisting fabric to be obtained at her own emporium. "Yo' tell Miss Jane neist toime shoo drops in, thet A'a can let her hev a bit cheap. Has Miss Jane been in this haas terday then?"

"Naht moren an hour ago, Ann, an' lukin' very solemn. Shoo's gettin' some-think on her mind, I could amost sweer. A'a nivver saa her look so grit."

Ann nodded understandingly.

"Theer's somethink goin' to happen, Lyddy. Now what's tuk th' Rector gallivantin' awa' again, an' 'im not thet lang back frae furrin? Tell you what, Lyddy, it's thet Paris thet 'as done it. A've heard it's a terrible bad place, wheer the women folk are noan better than they should be, even th' best ov them. An' th' Rector forby bein' a gooid pracher, hasna mooch ither senst. It's a' in Miss Jane's body, poorir dear. I understands jist how she feels. An' what may Miss Jane be gettin' now in th' way o' dress, eh?"

"A black an' white costume of Halifax tweed, Ann, made like that," she said, obligingly turning over the page of a fashion journal to exhibit the latest style.

"Marcy me! It doan't luk much like Miss Jane, do it, now? It'll need a lot ov alterin'."

"Miss Jane has gooid lines," remarked Miss Lydia, with an air. "An' if shoo didn't always want ivvrything so perfectly plain she might luk a lot smarter than shoo doo, but theer, shoo doan't think it matters 'ow shoo loks, Miss Jane doan't."

"Her mind is occupied wi' something better, Lyddy. A gooid eart 'as th' Rector's sister, an' we aghter be more thanful to 'er than we are, Lyddy."

"I doan't see thet we're so onthanful," answered Lydia. "A'a think th' Rector doesan know jes' th' value o' Miss Jane in th' parish. It seems to me, Ann, thet though yo' an' other women-folks maintin that anny kind o' a man abaat the haase is bettern noan, they need a sight o' room to theerselves, them same men. Shall A'a tell you what A'a thinks, Ann, concarnin' th' Rector? Well, thet he's courtin', so theer!"

"Stuff an' nonsense, Lyddy Rash—doan't yo' go fer to be noan sillier than you can help. Mr. Secretan 'e believes in the celebrity o'

the clergy. 'A've 'eard 'im an' Coyne at it tooth an' nail ov a Wednesday evenin' behind the shoap."

"Yo' wait an' see, Ann. Why, there be th' Rector for sure, goin' in be the gate now, isn't it?"

Ann flew to the window, and peered over the little curtain, at the same time unconsciously straightening its ragged edge.

"Yes, it be he, an' a fine figger of a man our Rector be, for sure, Lyddy. An' as to wimmin, 'e could choose wheer he likes. Take Miss Audrey, now. Thet would be a match, an' he'd get the brass thet would mek a' the difference to 'im. 'Ow old wood yo' think the Rector to be now, Lyddy?"

"Nearer forty than thirty. Here's the body ready, then, Ann, if so be yo're ready to have it fitted. Will yo' fit now?"

"A'a doan't mind, if A'a do," and while Lydia, with her mouth once more joyfully full of pins, bent to her difficult task, Mrs. Coyne kept up a running commentary on the fitting and on the Rector's matrimonial prospects.

All unconscious how near their homely gossip had hit the mark, Secretan strode on, and Jane while sitting down to her solitary tea saw him pass by the window. She ran out, conscious of relief so sudden as to be almost overwhelming.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you back, Claude!" she cried a little breathlessly. "You can't think how long the time has seemed—much worse than Paris."

She took his dripping umbrella, ran with it to the kitchen, gave Hannah hurried instructions to get something more substantial ready for tea, and was back to help him off with his coat.

"I just managed to catch the one ten from Euston. It was a bit of a rush. Liverpool Street and Euston are so far apart. I had an uncommonly good little cob in the hansom, or I couldn't have done it."

"You did not sleep in London last night, then?"

"No, at Colchester. How cold it is here, and how dismal! I wonder when this wretched weather is going to mend? I have seldom seen the place look more ghastly."

"There is a nice fire in the dining-room, and the study shall be lighted at once," said Jane's cheerful voice, which had the quality of dispelling difficulties and making light of troubles. "I have been at the



"Ann flew to the window. 'Yes, it be he, an' a fine figger of a man our Rector be, for sure, Lyddy.'"

Court Farm most of the afternoon. Did you have dinner before you left London?"

"No; I've just explained what a near shave I had to catch the train. Ah! this is better!"

He strode to the cheerful fire in the dining-room, and stretched out his hands to it. Jane laid on another log.

"I'm always setting out and coming back in what Ann Coyne calls a blash. Most of the fen country is under water. Are you all right, dear?"

He looked at her critically as he asked the question. Jane undoubtedly was not looking her best; nay, it may be frankly conceded that she was looking her very worst. She had an old frock on, extremely short in the skirt and skimpy about the bodice; and her straight hair, coming down so smoothly on her temples, its grey streaks plainly visible, seemed to throw her features into harsh relief. Jane flushed a little, immediately conscious of an unusual observation.

"It is a long dirty walk to the Court, as you know, Claude, and, not expecting you, I didn't change my frock for tea. Indeed; I was too hungry and tired to wait for it. Poor Tom is in great trouble. That house-keeper he got from Bradfield drinks like a fish, and he turaed her out yesterday."

"Drinks, does she? Then there'll be two of them," remarked Secretan casually.

"No, no! Honestly, he is trying his best for poor Emmy's sake, and the children's, to keep straight. I really wish I could find him the right sort of person. The question is where to look. I think I shall have to go into Bradfield to-morrow or Monday myself, and see what I can do. Come, sit in to the table, dear, and have something to eat. This is one of the Court Farm fowls. I cooked it this morning on the off-chance of your getting back to-night."

Secretan drew his arm-chair to the bottom of the table, and sat down slightly contracting his brows. He was drawing a sharp

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comparison between his home and the one where he had left the woman he loved. There was a great gulf fixed, and the thought of transplanting Helen, who loved beautiful things, and could create the atmosphere of them wherever she went, to this ugly house filled him with apprehension. Yes, ugly was the word. Everything in the room had been bought with sacrifice, but it did not contain a really beautiful or ornamental article. Poor Jane had not been taught the grace of home-making; her taste had never been educated, it remained where it began, hopelessly crude, elementary, middle-class. Spartan-like she had been raised, and Spartan she would remain to the end.

Secretan wondered how it would all strike Helen, and, above all, what would be her attitude towards his sister. Undoubtedly Jane was the lion in the path. He had already proved Helen's caustic tongue. He could imagine the few scathing sentences in which she would dispose of the limitations of Jane. It did not occur to Secretan that these disloyal thoughts proved his own limitations, and that he was wholly unworthy of the loyal devotion of his sister's heart, or the surrender of her life.

She, poor soul, not knowing why or how she was being appraised, yet felt herself weighed in the balance and found wanting. Again the feeling of aloofness, of being on the outside, which had come so sharply home to her heart on the eve of his return from Paris, swept over her.

"I've had tea, dear, so, if you'll excuse me, I'll leave you to enjoy yours, and go and see whether Hannah is being successful with the study fire."

She rose and moved towards the door, but he called her back.

"What nonsense! Let Hannah see to the fire, and get it right. It's what she's there for. You are far too fussy. There isn't a scrap of repose about you anywhere. I want you here."

She turned back rather quickly, wounded by his tone.

"I am glad to know that you do want me, Claude," she said a trifle hotly. "But you might easily speak a little more pleasantly without hurting yourself. I don't care for these moods you bring back with you when you go away."

"Don't get cross, old girl," said Secretan, a trifle ruefully. "Come and sit down

here. Don't you—can't you see, it's confession I want to make, and that I don't know where to begin?"

CHAPTER VII

CONFESSION

IN the midst of his new-found happiness Secretan had not been without sundry qualms concerning Jane's reception of his news. That it must come to her with some sense of shock was inevitable, since he had not thrown out so much as one hint regarding his interest in the woman he had met in Paris. If only he had spoken to his sister on his return, had told her frankly and naturally about Helen Revell, how much easier would have been his present task! Jane was quick enough, and a woman can always scent a love affair from afar.

He remembered, as the train sped across the rain-sodden flats of Lincolnshire, that it was Jane who had first laid her finger on the tragedy at the Court Farm, Jane who had grasped and made gentle fun of the social ambitions of the mistress of High Ridges. It was Jane indeed who tabulated the parish, giving to each unit its particular niche. And he was bound to admit that he had never known her to be far out in her estimate of men or of things.

Secretan had planned several methods of breaking the great news to his sister, and selected innumerable cautious and diplomatic sentences which should gently prepare the way; but, man-like, when she came forward and sat down at the opposite side of the hearth, looking at him with mild inquiry, and perhaps some slight apprehension in her eyes, he simply blurted it out in words the fewest and baldest surely that ever conveyed momentous truth.

"Jane, I'm going to be married."

She clasped her hands suddenly on her lap, and smiled. Wonder of wonders, she smiled quite spontaneously and kindly! "Of course, I am not in the least surprised," she said.

He drew a long breath, and the tension of his features relaxed.

"Are you not, but how did you guess? I am certain I have never said anything. I have never ceased to wish in the last month that I had given you a full confidence when I came back from Paris, but at that time there was nothing to tell."



"I'm not very clever, Claude, perhaps, but any baby could have seen that you had something on your mind, and it did not require any gigantic intellect to—arrive at the only solution"—p. 264.

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Jane leaned back in the rocker and gently swayed to and fro. In her eyes there was a kindly gleam of something like fun.

"I'm not very clever, Claude, perhaps, but any baby could have seen that you had something on your mind. And as things were all right in the parish, we didn't owe any money, and there were no particular troubles ahead, it did not require any gigantic intellect to—arrive at the only solution."

"I was a fool not to have told you, dear. I see that now, but you see I had only met a woman who interested me as no other has ever done, and I thought I had said good-bye to her. When I came back all my effort was directed to getting rid of her memory, if you understand. I had not the smallest expectation of ever seeing her again."

"Tell me about her, Claude—who she is and where you met her, and don't look at me with such imploring eyes. I've never had a sister, and I'm going to be very glad about this one. You know every sister who keeps a brother's house must get ready in her soul for this moment, or she is a fool."

"I never thought I should marry, Jane, honestly."

"Most men and women who marry think that until they meet the right one; but go on, Claude. Remember I am a woman and simply dying of curiosity."

It was not altogether true. She wanted him to go on speaking, so that she might gain time for the ordering of her own thoughts. It swept over her with an awful wave of desolation that she was the superfluous woman, and that after to-night she would not have any real home.

And in spite of her brave words she knew herself totally unprepared.

Secretan, thus invited, began to talk, and talked well. Still leaning back in the old nursery chair, on which, as babies in arms, they had been rocked to sleep in the old Somerset home, she listened and looked. The looking was even more interesting and convincing than the talk, for Secretan's face was illumined with the passion of his heart, his whole being instinct with the new joy of living that had come to him.

"It will do him good, it has done him good already," said Jane in her heart. "It will give him what he needs, the human and tender touch."

Outwardly she said with a quiet earnestness of feeling:

"Poor, poor girl! I feel very sorry for her, but I quite agree with you that she should not have remained so long with her stepmother. Describe her to me, Claude. Is she tall or short? Has she brown hair or dark? What are her eyes like?"

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever met," he answered sincerely enough. "But I don't believe I could answer these questions in detail, even to please you. You will have to see her. There is nobody in this parish to touch her; of course, she comes of the best stock. She is a real aristocrat, Jane, and I think it very good of her to have accepted me."

But Jane would not have that.

"A clergyman of the Church of England is a match for anybody, and you know it quite well. I don't want you to abase yourself or to be too humble—but there, what am I talking about? When a woman loves a man she is humble. She will not arrogate anything to herself."

"She is humble enough," replied Secretan, recalling the last good-bye at Colchester station, when Helen had offered him his freedom again, protesting that she was not worthy of anything he had to offer. "It is only half-bred people who arrogate, because, you see, they are not sure about anything. I didn't tell her much about our old home, Jane; indeed, she didn't ask a single question, and if she does it will not be necessary to say anything. I mean to go into detail."

"She didn't ask a single question? Why, I think I should never be done asking. It doesn't seem quite natural, Claude. Wasn't she even interested in Midcar and all the parish folk she is coming to live among?"

"Well, you see, we haven't had much time for that sort of talk. I only saw her for a few hours, and we had a great many other things to talk about."

"And when is it going to be? In the spring some time, I suppose. We shall have to set about getting something done to the Rectory. That and the spring cleaning can be done together."

"It's going to be earlier than that, Jane," said Secretan, and the colour flushed his cheek. "In fact, the wedding day is fixed for yesterday month."

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Jane stared helplessly in front of her. A methodical person who took long views, and who moved in leisurely fashion through life, this breathless haste was not very acceptable, hardly decent.

"A month from yesterday! Why, Claude, that hardly gives time for 'the third time of asking.' What is all the haste for? Is there open warfare between Miss Revell and her stepmother, or what is it?"

"Something very like that. She must be taken away from that environment, Jane, at once. If you could see the woman—the other woman, I mean—you would understand."

"But surely she could go somewhere else. Hasn't she any relatives who could give her a shelter for a few months? This haste is hardly decent, Claude. It will set the whole parish by the ears."

"I can't help that. The parish must just accept it, dear; but to-morrow, if you like, you can begin to prepare them."

"And where will it take place?"

"Quite privately, in London, by special licence, probably. There won't be a wedding in the ordinary sense. It is the last thing either of us would desire."

Jane continued to look puzzled and apprehensive.

"There isn't any need to make a fuss, of course," she said slowly. "But such frantic haste will be difficult to explain away. It will make people talk very much here, which is always an undesirable thing where a clergyman is concerned."

"They'll talk, whatever happens, and the less there is to talk about the more they will talk," said Secretan, a trifle irritably. "It is no use arguing the point now. I tell you the date is fixed; we are to be married on the eleventh of December."

"And come straight here?"

Secretan winced a little.

"We haven't discussed that yet. No, I suppose there must be a honeymoon of some sort, but that must be left to Helen. The circumstances are a little unusual. I want to tell you, Jane, that when I went to Colchester I had not the remotest idea of this. I never thought I should propose to her, much less be accepted. It all happened in a sort of whirlwind."

"But you care for her, don't you, Claude? You have no other motive?"

"Yes, God knows I care for her. I had

no idea there was such a thing in the world. It is wonderful, it transcends everything."

"And she?" said Jane mercilessly. "If she feels like that, too, everything will go right, though the haste will still be undesirable from a prudent point of view."

Secretan hesitated a moment, his brows slightly knit.

"I have to win her yet, Jane. I'm telling you quite frankly. She has accepted me as a way out—yes, that is how to describe it, a way out."

Jane sat forward, and a sort of passion shook her.

"The risk is frightful, Claude; supposing—supposing for a moment she did not learn to care, that you did not win her? The life here is very limited, tolerable only to those who are happy and have a high sense of duty. And if she is a lady, as you say, she will find a good deal to try her. Even I, who am only a plain woman, easily pleased, have had my difficult hours. I don't want to be unkind, dear, or a kill-joy, but—but I think of these things, and I am afraid."

"Oh, you need not be!" said Secretan lightly. "You see, when she comes, things will be different socially. They simply are bound to be. Her father was a colonel and a V.C. All the county will come in, and she will have a very good position. I don't see why we should not be happy."

"I am not sure that the county has the power to make a wife happy in her own home," said Jane, with one of her quiet flashes. "Though it would be very quick to find out if she were unhappy."

"We'll risk it. We are very good friends, Jane, and, after all, friendship is an essential basis. It is far better than silly passion, which is soon burnt out. And I will do my best to make her happy. I am setting out to win her. She is worth the winning. I am sure you will think that after you have seen her."

Jane sat back, and her face in the half-light looked rather old and tired. The mother-look was upon it, as her yearning eyes scanned the lineaments of the boy for whom she had been sacrificed by others, and for whom she had not unwillingly sacrificed herself.

Now her day was over, it was not of herself she thought, but only of him. And the fear in her heart was very great.

"I'm so glad the Hayes are at High

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Ridges this winter. Of course, we shall be there a great deal. Audrey will be a friend to her, and though Mrs. Hayes is a trifle impossible she is kind in her way. Then the Durhams will come. I feel sure Lady Anne will be interested because she has so many soldier sons. Helen will take her place in that set at once. It will not be to the Court Farm or Watton she will go for social intercourse."

These happened to be the only two houses in the parish at which Jane had been in the habit of visiting regularly, but she passed by the little stab in silence. She was generous hearted enough to believe that it had not been intended, and Claude had certainly been in the habit of going out a good deal without her, and had left her very much to find her own friends.

"It will be a great change in your life, Claude, and perhaps it will be a good thing. I pray God it will be for your very best happiness," she said, simply. "You believe, don't you, dear, that I am sincere in what I say?"

"Oh, quite! You have always been the best of sisters to me, and I can never forget what you have done for me here. Helen knows that. She is prepared to be very kind; I can assure you of that."

"Is she?"

These two words fell with a very curious inflection from Jane's lips, but Secretan went on in the blundering way of men.

"There is no hurry about any change, you know. Helen said very distinctly she wanted you to stop on for a time at least."

"It would have to be a very short time indeed, Claude, if at all."

"Then what would you think of doing?" he inquired anxiously. "You say you have often wished I would marry. If that is so, of course you must have settled in your own mind what would be likely to happen to you."

"Oh, yes, I have thought of all that!" she answered with a frank smile. "At this juncture it happens to be very easy. I shall simply convey myself up to the Court Farm to look after Emmy's children."

"Jane, you won't go there, beside that great hulking brute! Why, he's hardly ever sober. I will put my foot down on that here and now."

"It won't make any difference. I'm your senior, my boy, and don't you forget

it! I have been quietly taking my own way all the time I've been here, and I shall have it now. I mean to stop Tom from drinking. That and the care of Emmy's boys will fill up my life."

"Housekeeper at the Court Farm! I'm not sure if Helen will like that. I shall have to think about it, Jane. It takes a lot of swallowing."

Jane rose with a little abruptness which struck a warning note.

"I must go to my girls' club," she said as the clock struck seven. "How the time does pass! So the great event has come to pass at last, lad," she said, pausing a moment by his chair and dropping her hand on his head. "I want her full name and address. I shall write to her to-night."

"What about? There isn't any need to write, really. I'm sure she won't expect it."

"I'll do it all the same, Claude, and you shall not see the letter nor the answer, if she does answer. Give me credit for an ounce of common sense. I won't give you away. I promise you, nor tell her you are apt to be crusty of a morning, and that the early celebrations in winter you don't regard as a special privilege! She'll find out all your little imperfections for herself. What I'm concerned with is the big thing, the biggest thing of all—whether you are going to be a happier and a better man for this. I shan't be quite sure until I have seen her."

Secretan looked a trifle uncomfortable under her steady gaze. He did not remember having heard his sister assert herself so fearlessly before. He was surprised by her attitude, which, for the first time, assumed experience and superior knowledge.

"You make me feel cheap, Jane, dirt cheap. You ought to have chastened me in my youth so as to make me fit for this ordeal. If I have been crusty in the mornings, why didn't you make me aware of it?"

She burst out laughing and turned away, shaking her head.

The laugh saved the situation; they shared it together. The moment his sister left the room, Secretan, relieved and incomparably happy, drew to his desk to pour out his soul in his first love letter.

She had taken it much better than he had expected, and, with the exception of her



"The first tears of her renunciation were real and bitter enough."

slight inclination to over-seriousness, had behaved admirably.

He would ponder on the possibility of her going to the Court Farm, discuss it with Helen, and give a decision later on. He had no doubt in his mind but that Jane would fall in with any suggestion upon which he and Helen might be agreed. Yes, she had taken it quite well, and was not emotional, for which he had been profoundly thankful. So many women were emotional, and it is always difficult to keep the balance true in such a case.

Eminently satisfied with himself, with his sister, and with all the world, his blood rioting in his veins with the prospect of such a bewildering change in the drear monotony of his life, Secretan filled the pages for the woman he loved.

Jane reached her own room where Hannah had already lit the small cheap lamp, ready for her mistress' dressing. It had gone seven, and the girls would already be gathered in the little clubroom at the lower end of the

village street hard by "The Star and Crown." But Audrey would be there to help Lydia Rash. Jane remembered that she had promised to come on that night and sing for them. And, whether or not, she must have a moment for herself.

She sat hard upon the cane-bottomed chair, and looked straightly towards the window, where the cold night wind was ruffling the curtains and beating the blind cord against the sash. Jane Secretan was thirty-five; looking back or looking forward to-night, she did not know which was the greyer outlook.

The cheerfulness which she had cultivated because she believed that the religion of the Lord Christ inculcates cheerfulness as the first Christian duty had oddly failed her. She put the hands, which much homely toil had robbed of any beauty they might have possessed, before her face. And the first tears of her renunciation were real and bitter enough.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVEN.]

The Traveller's Psalm

A New Year's Message

By the Rev. CANON J. VAUGHAN, M.A.

THERE is in the Psalter a short series of fifteen Psalms, all bearing the same title, which appear to have formed originally a separate collection. They are called in our Authorised Version "Songs of Degrees," and they range from Psalm 120 to Psalm 134. The meaning of the title is much disputed, but the Hebrew words probably mean, as they are translated in the Revised Version, "Songs of Ascents," that is, "of the goings up," with reference doubtless to the pilgrimages which pious Israelites were wont to make to Jerusalem on the occasion of the great festivals. The little collection was probably made soon after the return from Babylon, and formed for many generations the Pilgrim's Hymn-Book, the songs of which were sung by companies of pilgrims—like that sacred "company" which included Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus in Gospel history—as they travelled up to the House of the Lord.

With one exception, all the hymns in this "Psalter within a Psalter" are short, and each one usually gives expression to some single thought or feeling, such as of hope or sorrow, of gladness, thanksgiving, or unfailing trust in God. A quiet, graceful beauty pervades the small collection, the charm of which, we are told, was so felt by a Spanish commentator that he did not hesitate to say that the Psalms of Ascent are to the rest of the Psalter what the Garden of Eden was to the rest of the world at its first creation.

The second Psalm in this collection—Psalm 121—has been appropriately called the Traveller's Psalm. It begins with the words "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Just as Daniel, when he prayed, opened his windows towards Jerusalem, so the Hebrew pilgrim, as he journeyed, gazed with longing eyes towards the Hill of Zion which he loved. We seem to hear in this Psalm, says Dean Kirkpatrick, "the voices of the pilgrims

encouraging one another with words of faith and hope as they travelled towards Jerusalem, once more the centre of national life and worship, to realise the relation of Jehovah to Israel and to each individual Israelite as their Guardian in all the vicissitudes of life."

A spirit of entire trust in God pervades the Traveller's Psalm. Jehovah is the Keeper of His people, and "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He is also the Keeper of each individual, so that the sun shall not burn by day, neither the moon by night. The word "keep" is the keynote of the Psalm. Six times over does it occur; and in the assurance of that blessed relationship the pilgrim goes forward without fear or trembling. The dangers of the way trouble him not. Each stage of his journey will be guarded by the Maker of heaven and earth. "Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul. Jehovah shall keep thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore."

So appropriate indeed is this Psalm for the use of pilgrims or travellers that many good men have habitually used it before setting out for a journey. It was the custom of Bishop Hooper, of Gloucester, who was afterwards burnt at the stake within sight of his cathedral, to recite this Psalm before leaving home on his diocesan duties. David Livingstone read this Psalm with his father and mother before he left home for Africa. "On the morning of 17th November, 1840," writes his sister, "we got up at five o'clock. My mother made coffee. David read Psalm 121 and prayed. Then my father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer." In like manner, we are told of Bishop Hannington, who followed in the train of Livingstone, that every morning during his long and dangerous journey from Frere Town to Lake Victoria Nyanza, he was accustomed to greet the sunrise by repeating his

THE TRAVELLER'S PSALM

"Travelling Psalm," "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

And this Psalm, consecrated by so many associations, is no less appropriate to ourselves. We are exiles, as Wordsworth has reminded us, "from Heaven, which is our home." We are travellers between life and death. We are pilgrims, as was John Bunyan, "through the wilderness of this world."

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land."

Strangers and Pilgrims

At the beginning of a new year the symbolism may specially appeal to us. We realise perhaps more vividly than at other times the reality of life's journey, the fact of life's pilgrimage. We are strangers and pilgrims upon earth. And as each year rolls on another stage in the journey of life is completed, another milestone in our pilgrimage is passed. With some the pilgrimage is only just beginning. The golden gates of childhood are not yet closed; the thorny wilderness of life is yet in the distance. With others, as with the divine Dante, in his immortal poem, it is "midway upon the path of life." Some success has doubtless been achieved, and many difficulties overcome, but a long stretch of unknown country lies before them. Others, again, are nearing the end of the journey. They have almost finished the course, and the time of their departure is at hand.

Let us, at this fresh stage in life's pilgrimage, lift up our eyes unto the hills. A hilltop, it has been well said, is a moral as well as a physical elevation. It was true instinct which led men, in old times, to worship upon hills. Let us then lift up our hearts. Let us enter into the feeling of the gracious and heavenly minded Silurist, in his beautiful paraphrase of this Psalm:

"Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him Who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth."

"The Lord Himself is thy Keeper."

He is the Keeper of the community, of the Church at large, of the whole congregation of faithful men scattered throughout the world. He is also the Keeper of every member of the same in his vocation and ministry. "Man," said a great thinker, "is all mass to the human eye, and all individual to the Divine." That is our strength and consolation. We are not left to the force of circumstances, to the caprice of fortune. We are in God's hands; we are in a Father's keeping. We have a Leader on the journey, Who has passed the way before, "going up to Jerusalem"; One Who knows our infirmities, and Who remembers that we are but dust.

To that Divine Leader let us pray:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on,
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

A New Year's Motto

"Keep Thou my feet." "The Lord is thy Keeper." In the strength of that holy confidence, inspired by that blessed assurance, let us go forward this coming year. Let us take as our motto the words inscribed on the big bell, dated 1606, in an old church tower, and "God be our Guyd." And if God be our Guide we need not fear. He will preserve us from all evil. He will keep our going out and our coming in from this time forth for evermore. And if, for some of us, that "going out" be the last "going out" of all—and it was in this sense that the Traveller's Psalm was read by the death-bed of Julius Hare—if the little day of our life be almost over, and the shadows of evening are beginning to fall, the joyful consciousness of the great Apostle may still be ours, that "He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day."

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

"I will Say unto Him, 'Father'"

A Complete Story

By L. G. MOBERLY

WHITE clouds of dust blew up from the long road. Dust powdered one's clothes, choked one's air tubes, covered the rose hedges and the mimosa trees with a white coating. And down from the mountains at the back of the sheltered bay swept a blast as icy as the wind of our own northern land, for the mountains were deep in snow—a line of stately white giants against a sky of radiant blue. The sun flooded the land with regal splendour; upon the air was a fragrance of spring flowers, mingling with the more pungent scent of the great eucalyptus trees by the roadside; and as I strolled down the long road, reviling the wind and the clouds of dust, and blessing the sunshine, I paused before a shop window piled high with carnations and roses, anemones and violets.

"Just a bunch to make my room look bright," I reflected, remembering the American ladies who were to honour me by coming to tea that afternoon; "they expect even a busy doctor to make his commonplace room pretty for them"; and, smiling as I thought of the two sparkling dames who were spending a few weeks in Amallo during a course of "doing Europe," I entered the shop and chose some of the most fragrant blossoms. And then, all at once, I caught my breath a little, for there, behind a mass of glowing roses, stood a vase full of snowdrops. Yes; snowdrops, dainty, white, and pure, drooping graceful heads, bringing to my mind a sudden sense of home, of England—of the dear, grey country beside the northern sea, the land where—even now, perhaps—snowdrops gleamed whitely against the good brown earth. The shopwoman saw my surprise, my pleasure.

"No, monsieur," she said; "it is not common to see snowdrops here. They come from the mountains. The winter has been cold, the snowdrops are late. They come from over there," and she pointed down the road to the rift in the olive-clad hills, through which one could see those white giants against the sky.

"Would monsieur accept a bunch—to

remind him of his own land?" she added, when I had explained the attraction snowdrops possessed for an Englishman, and, smilingly accepting her kindly offer, I left her shop, my hands full of many-coloured carnations and anemones, and amongst them my bunch of snowdrops, white and pure!

This was my first winter of work in the South, and it had been a busy one. The cold wind and hot sun combined brought me many patients, and as I walked quickly homewards, down the long road and through the winding streets of the little town, I found myself thinking over some of my most anxious cases, and deciding that I must be inhospitable, cut short my American ladies' tea, and pay several professional visits before dinner. My thoughts were still deeply engaged when I entered the block of buildings in which my own flat was situated, and the voice of the concierge brought me back abruptly to the affairs of the moment.

"Somebody left this note for monsieur," the good woman said, handing me a dirty scrap of paper, "and would monsieur go at once? It was urgent." The inside of the note was as scrappy and dirty as its outside, the writing almost unreadable, the language illiterate and difficult to understand. But as far as I could gather, the writer implored me to go and see someone who was very ill—probably dying—and I was urged to go without delay. The note had already been waiting nearly an hour, the concierge told me; and the summons was so imperative that, although the address given was in an obscure part of the town, and one not at all frequented by English doctors, I had no choice but to respond at once to the call for help. Giving the concierge a hurried message for my servant, and without even putting down my flowers, I hurried off again, took the first cab in sight, and drove helter-skelter to a dreary little street, buried at the back of the oldest and most slummy part of the place.

My cabman looked at me doubtfully as I prepared to dismiss him, murmured some-

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thing not very complimentary to the denizens of this particular quarter, and begged me to allow him to wait for me, as there were bad characters and ugly customers lurking in those back streets and tall houses. Touched by his thought for me, I accepted his offer before I plunged into as unsavoury and dark a passage as I have ever known in any land.

Rough voices somewhere ahead of me were my only guide as to the presence of any fellow-beings, and when I knocked at the door from behind which those voices came a most villainous looking man thrust out his head, and swore at me. I explained my errand as best I could, showing him the dirty scrap of paper I had received, and on seeing it his face softened, his manner became almost gracious.

"Would monsieur walk upstairs?" he asked.

"The poor man above was very ill—at the point of death, some said."

Here he shrugged his shoulders. "For his own part, he, Jean Dalbi, would have let the poor fellow die in peace. But his wife had overridden his wishes—it was a way women had—monsieur no doubt knew"—here he grinned insinuatingly—"and she had insisted that an English doctor must be fetched."

Why an *English* doctor, I wondered, as I stumbled up the dark and noisome stairs

after my unpleasant guide: and what should I find at the top of this unending, evil-smelling staircase? It was to the very top we climbed, and my guide flung open a door on my right, and with a flourish bade me enter. I found myself in the merest attic, whose sloping roof scarcely allowed me to stand upright, whose uneven, creaking floor gave

me a disagreeable feeling that it might at any moment give way. The light that filtered in through a small and dirt-grimed window showed a table, a chair, and a bed, on which lay a man whose face I could dimly see, and by his side was a woman—presumably my guide's wife—who looked down at the restlessly

moving patient with a puzzled expression of irritation and dismay. She turned to me with a relieved exclamation.

"Monsieur will know what to do with him,"

she said, waving her hand towards the sick man; "he talks unceasingly, but of what he talks I do not know." Then she, too, shrugged her shoulders, and before I could answer left the room with her husband—leaving me to tackle the man on the bed as best I could. His age might have been anything between thirty and forty, and his emaciated form and drawn, lined face, showed every sign of serious illness. His eyes were



"'They come from over there,' and she pointed down the road to the rift in the olive-clad hills."

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deeply sunken: his hands, that wandered continually over the coverlet, were like birds' claws for thinness; he was unwashed, unshaven, utterly unkempt. My heart ached for the poor chap, whoever he might be, alone in these wretched lodgings, with such unpromising guardians as those I had just seen, and I stooped over him and touched one of those restlessly moving hands. He turned a little, and his eyes unclosed—haggard, brown eyes that looked at me wistfully, like the eyes of a dumb animal, hurt to the death. He opened his lips, as if to speak; then shut them again, and his eyes closed, too. It seemed that even the faint effort he had made was too much for him. His pulse was weak and flickering, his colour so ashen, that I feared the ruffian downstairs had been right when he spoke of the poor fellow as near death. I bent closer to him, and asked him a question in French, but he only moved his head impatiently, and I felt the hand in mine jerk itself away with a petulant movement. He tossed over on to his other side, and a sudden babble of words broke from his lips—an incoherent babble, for the most part, though some sentences caught my ear, and arrested my attention.

"Can't—remember—such a worry—I—will go—father—father—and say—What must I say?—Why don't you tell me?—What must I say?" The last words rang out in tones of heartrending anguish, but there was no mistaking either language or accent, and a lump came into my throat. Why, the poor, unkempt, miserable man was an *Englishman*—and what was more, an *English gentleman*—here, in these wretched surroundings, ill, poverty-stricken, alone. I drew back into mine the thin hand that still crept so restlessly over the dirty bed coverings.

"Can you tell me your name, my dear chap?" I said, speaking very gently and clearly. "Have you any friends here?"

"Friends?" His eyes opened again: the intolerable bitterness in them struck me like a blow. "I have—no friends—anywhere. Who are you? Why have you come?" The incoherence had gone from his words, he spoke consciously, and the cloud of delirium had at last temporarily left his eyes. They scanned my face anxiously.

"I'm a doctor—Alan Despard. I have

come to see what I can do for you, and——"

"Do for me?" Indescribable bitterness rang in his voice. "Give me an overdose of morphia, and do for me permanently. I've bungled all my life—and—this is the end—the end!" he repeated wearily, his eyes closing again, his hands beginning once more their restless clutching at the bedclothes.

"It won't be the end if I can help it," I responded firmly, straightening the clothes and trying to make him more comfortable, and giving him some stimulant from the medicine case I had brought. But my words fell on deaf ears; the cloud of delirium had descended upon him again, and he was babbling forth a stream of incomprehensible phrases out of which I could not distinguish any sense at all. Meanwhile, I made such examination of him as was possible, coming to the conclusion that he was indeed desperately ill, and that the probability was that his slender hold on life would very soon relax, more especially as the bitter words he had spoken seemed to show that he had no incentive to live. But all my professional combativeness was aroused. I meant to try my hardest to save the poor chap, to give him another chance. I had fought death before in many places, in many forms. I braced myself to fight him again here, and as I looked down at the worn face and deeply sunken eyes I told myself that I might even yet succeed, if only—if only I could give the man before me the slightest wish to cling to that feeble strand of life still remaining.

"I will arise"—the three words suddenly pierced through his incoherent mutterings—"my father—my father—Why can't I remember?—and say unto him—What must I say?—Why will nobody tell me what I must say?" Again that cry of intolerable agony rang through the room, and this time his words brought with them their own clue. I stooped nearer to him, speaking very distinctly, that my voice might penetrate to his disordered brain.

"Say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'"

Why the words came so easily to my lips I do not know, unless it was that the story of the Prodigal Son had always made a strange appeal to me; and I was thankful now that I had been able to remember the sentence after which the poor chap in the



"'Snowdrops?' he gasped. 'Why—I haven't seen snowdrops since—I was at home—with the old dad!'"—p. 274.

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bed was groping so wearily. As I spoke, a light flashed over his face, some of the lines of anxiety and anguish straightened themselves out. He looked up at me with eyes no longer unconscious.

"That's it," he whispered, with breathless eagerness, "that's it. 'Father, I—have—sinned—and—am—no—more worthy—no more worthy!' I couldn't put—the words together—and—what's the good, now I have put them together?" he ended, with a note of such hopelessness in his poor tired voice that I put my hand gently on his shoulder.

"Is there anybody you would like me to send for?" I asked. "Have you a father who—"

"A father?" He interrupted with sudden vehemence. "I had a father once—I broke his heart. I couldn't send for him now—he'd spurn me under his feet—and quite right, too! I tell you—this is the end—the end—of a life chucked away. I've eaten the husks—now I'm going to die in the pigsty!"

"Fathers don't spurn their sons under their feet," I said, a sudden recollection flooding my soul of my own dear father's bent white head and kindly blue eyes. "A father can always make allowances—and—understand."

The man in the bed laughed, a weak little laugh of unspeakable bitterness.

"My father—couldn't understand my taste for wallowing in the mire with swine," he said; "he—is—he always was—what every Christian gentleman ought to be." The ring of torture in the faltering voice was pitiful to hear. "What—I might have been," he murmured almost inaudibly. "My—father—is a father—to be proud of," he added, his voice growing clearer, "and I am not worthy—not worthy"—a little sob punctuated the sentence, and for many minutes he did not utter another syllable, lying back with the white, still face of utter exhaustion. I had done all I could for the moment, and was meditating going away to fetch necessities for him, in the way of nourishment and medicine, when he looked up at me again.

"Better—for the dear old man—if—I—panned out," he whispered, flinging his hands farther along the coverlet, where they came in contact with the bunch of flowers I had laid there upon my entrance.

"Flowers?" he murmured, a little gleam of pleasure showing in his eyes. "I thought—I smelt their—sweetness. I—" What prompted me to do it I shall never know. It is impossible to account for one's instinctive actions. But, leaving the carnations and other fragrant blossoms on one side, I took up the bunch of snowdrops, and laid them in his thin, shaking hand. The look on his face as he saw them positively startled me. It was an expression of such hunger, and such longing, mingled with surprised delight.

"Snowdrops?" he gasped. "Why—I haven't seen snowdrops since—I was at home—with the old dad." His voice broke. "There were snowdrops—in the garden, you know—and always—when I was a little chap—he took me—to see them when they first—came up—all white against the brown." He paused. His eyes seemed to be looking very far away; their hungry wistfulness gripped at my heartstrings; his fingers touched the stainless blossoms with a tender, almost reverent, touch. "They grew in the woods, too," he went on dreamily, "the woods at the bottom of the park—it was—our pet Sunday walk—dad's and mine—when I was a little chap—and—the moss—was white—with—snowdrops. I"—again came that pitiful break in his voice—"I was always allowed to pick—a little bunch—for the dad's buttonhole—they were—his favourite flowers, you know."

The trembling voice ceased. He had spoken slowly, with long pauses, and once he laid the fragile blossoms against his lips with a curious, passionate gesture. He was silent for many minutes, then he said suddenly:

"Let your garments be always white," he used to say—it's a text—from somewhere. He taught it me—once—when the snowdrops were out—their whiteness—made him tell me. 'Let—your—garments—be always—white—and mine—are black—pitch black—I am not worthy—to—' Once more his voice trailed into silence, but his eyes still looked straight in front of him, into some far distance—perhaps into that long-ago past, when he and his father had gone together to look at the snowdrops.

"Too late!" he exclaimed suddenly; "there comes—a time—when it's too late!"

"I don't believe it's ever too late to ask for one's father's forgiveness," I answered

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stoutly, my own dear old father's face again rising vividly before me; "your father will remember the time when you were a little chap. You don't suppose he has forgotten, any more than you have, the days when he took you to see the first snowdrops. You don't suppose he's left off caring for you—even though—"

"Even though I've done every mortal thing he would most hate—and lived a beast's life. Even though—"

"Even though you've gone to the deepest hell," I broke in solemnly, "your father's love is strong enough to follow you!"

"Is it?" he said wistfully; "is it?" His shaking hands still fingered the snowy flowers. "Somehow—seeing—these—makes me think—perhaps—you may be right. They make me—remember—the old dad's—love—and forget—all but that—"

"Then—why not—" I began, but he did not heed me.

"I'm glad—you gave me—the snowdrops," he whispered; "they've made—me remember—his love—and presently—presently—I will arise and go—and go—" and with that he sank back into his delirium again, the snowdrops still clutched closely in his hand.

* * * * *

I confess to a good many searchings of heart before I finally decided to take the step, but my instincts so strongly urged me to take it that I determined to follow them and to risk the result. The sick man's condition was so critical that I felt justified in looking through his things to find some clue to his identity, some clue to his position; and in an old and tattered pocket-book in his ragged coat I had found a name which helped me.

"Rupert Carstairs" was scribbled on the fly-leaf of the book, and as the poor chap's own words had shown me that his father must be a person of means and consequence I had very little difficulty in identifying him as Sir Rupert Carstairs, of Brendon Court, Haverdale. The name was no ordinary one, and, at least, it was worth while to write to this Sir Rupert, and discover whether he was the father of whom the sick man babbled unendingly in his renewed delirium. I wrote guardedly, but my letter gave enough particulars to be easily under-

stood by the recipient, should that recipient be the man I hoped; and, having despatched my missive, I gave my whole mind to saving the life of the poor fellow who had no heart to get better.

"The will to live, that's what he wants," I said to the nurse I had installed in charge of him—for he was far too ill to be moved to the English Hospital. "If anything would make him *want* to get well, he might recover. But—"

I shook my head sadly, and for the three days that followed I fought for that man's life with all my soul and strength. And each day he grew weaker, and each day the cloud of delirium lifted less; but through it all his hand never loosened its hold of the bunch of snowdrops—the little withered flowers seemed to give him some strange consolation.

On the morning of the fourth day he was fully conscious, and looked into my face with a smile.

"I—believe—you—were right," he panted out. "I—dreamt—of the old dad—he held—out—his—hand. If I—get better—I will go to my father—and say, 'I am not worthy'—I—will—go. He—held—out—his—hand—you—see."

"Yes, my dear old chap, I do see," I answered gently, "and you must make haste and get better, for I'm sure your dream will come true. Your father—will be ready to welcome you."

A smile flickered over his face. He looked down at a fresh handful of snowdrops I had brought him, and his smile deepened; and then, for the first time since I had been looking after him, he sank into a quiet and refreshing sleep. I left him sleeping, and it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that I went back to the house where he lived.

When I reached it, I found a carriage at the door, and a crowd gathered round it, eager to give information. A tall old man stood in the midst of the gesticulating men and women—an old man of stately bearing who, as I hurried up, turned to me with the question, "Does Mr. Rupert Carstairs live here? I am his father." My heart leapt, and I looked into the brown eyes deep set in the beautiful old face, with a certainty that in the hands of such a father as this all would be well for the sick man.

"I am very glad to see you, sir," I

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answered ; " I am Mr. Carstairs' doctor. He has been very ill, and—in very poor circumstances." I spoke hesitatingly, anxious to prepare the stately old man for the miserable surroundings in which he would find his son ; for, with all our best endeavours, Nurse Meadows and I had not been able to do much for the wretched attic in which my patient lay.

" Take me to him," Sir Rupert said quickly, but with a courtesy that belonged to him. " I am—much obliged to you for writing to me. I came straight away at once." I could see, indeed, that there were lines of fatigue in the fine old face and shadows under the brown eyes. A hurried journey of such length must have been a tax on a man of his age. Yet he thought nothing of his own fatigue ; he was only impatient to see his son—the son who had lived a beast's life and broken his father's heart.

I opened the door of the sick room softly, and I knew at once that the old man, as he entered, saw nothing of the sordid wretchedness of the surroundings, saw only the emaciated form in the bed, the lined white face with closed eyes, the thin hands in whose clasp lay the bunch of fresh snowdrops I had brought him. A quiver passed over Sir Rupert's features—then he moved quickly over to the bed, and knelt down beside it.

Perhaps the opening of the door wakened

the sleeping man ; perhaps the long refreshing sleep had ended itself naturally ; but Carstairs awoke to look full into his father's face. A yearning tenderness shone in the old man's eyes, a trembling smile broke over his lips. He laid his hand over those two thin hands and the bunch of snowdrops.

" My boy," he said brokenly, " my boy ! "

For a long, long moment father and son looked into each other's eyes, and then the sick man murmured :

" I—was coming—to you—the snowdrops—made me—remember—your love—and forget—the rest. I—was coming—to say—' Father, I have sinned—I have sinned—' "

" Hush, my sonnie, hush ! " The old voice broke pitifully, as he used the childish name. " I have come to take you home with me—to take—"

" Say the words," the weak voice faltered. " Can you say—those—words—to me—even though—I am not worthy—to be called—can you say—truly—what that father said ? "

Did the agony in the uplifted eyes prompt the father ? Did his loving instinct show him what the sick man craved ? His hand left the shaking hands, and rested for a moment on the sick man's hair, that was thickly sown with grey, whilst in a voice that rang with love, he said :

" This—my son was dead, and is alive again—was lost—and is found ! "





Bible Bearers in the Arctic

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

JOURNEYING 6,000 miles in a year over ice and snow; preaching the Gospel almost in sight of the waters of the Arctic Ocean; giving lessons from the Bible in log Sunday schools when the mercury without is far below zero—this is part of the life of a young Englishman who has the reputation of carrying the Bible so far north that few missionaries have gone nearer the Pole than he. So it is that Archdeacon Stuck is known to the members of the Episcopal Church in America, and to many of the Church of England, for a heroism and a devotion to his faith by which he has accomplished wonderful results, considering the low state of morality and the ignorance of the human beings to whom he ministers, and the many obstacles which Nature has placed in his path.

From King's College to Texas

When Hudson Stuck was studying in a private school in London, and later instructing his form at King's College, he little thought of the career which Providence had planned for him far away on the other side of the world. Hearing of the great South-West, like many of his countrymen he was led to cross the ocean

and to seek his fortune there. He located in the State of Texas. The work of the Church tempted him to engage in it as a lay member, but he wished to don the robes of the rector. His studies resulted in his ordination and a summons to a small parish in one of the remote parts of the State, where those to whom he ministered included cowboys, farmers, and the varied humanity which makes up a frontier people.

Studying Human Nature

Perhaps it was providential for his future life that young Stuck was placed in this field, for it acquainted him with the seamy side of human nature. It made him familiar with the methods by which one may reach the hearts of the rough-and-ready men who pass so much of their lives in the great outdoors, and whose ways are so different from those residing in town and city in the older and more civilised part of America. His successful ministry caused him to be called to the city of Dallas, one of the largest communities of Texas. Here he was honoured with the appointment as Dean of St. Matthew's Cathedral, involving work in by far the most important parish of the State. It happened, how-

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ever, that a call for workers was sent out from bleak Alaska. Impressed with the urgent need of the mission, Dean Stuck resigned his charge and journeyed northwards until he reached the vast territory which was to become the future sphere of his efforts, under the guidance of Bishop Rowe.

It was only a few years ago that Dr. Stuck preached his first sermon as an Alaskan missionary, but since then a great change has been wrought. The truth of religion has been revealed to thousands of Eskimos and Indian natives to whom such words as Christ and the Bible were utterly unknown. In the gold and copper mining regions, settlements without a single church, where most of the inhabitants are adventurers and fortune-seekers, many of them criminals and outlaws, splendid results have followed his efforts. In some instances men and women have been rescued from lives of sin and degradation, while not only Sunday schools but day schools have been provided for the proper education of the children.

Nearing the North Pole

At first, the new mission worker confined himself to the parts of Alaska into which has flowed the tide of fortune-seeking humanity—the location of the mining camps. Here, indeed, one could spend a lifetime. But, not content with imparting the Gospel to those of his own blood, Archdeacon Stuck has, from year to year, penetrated farther and farther into the interior, has worked nearer and nearer the great Polar Sea until, as already stated, he has borne the Bible far beyond the Arctic Circle, and has taught its truths



ARCHDEACON STUCK.

to human beings who probably live nearer to the North Pole than the Christians of any other race.

Archdeacon Stuck, as he should be called, for he has been vested with this title by the Episcopal Church, has indeed had an eventful career in the few years he has been in the Far North.

West. Often has he been face to face with death by violence. Not a few of his journeys have ended when, through utter exhaustion from cold and hunger, he could proceed no longer. In his wanderings in the wilderness he has often experienced the hatred and treachery of the "doctors," or medicine men of the Indian tribes, who knew that his teachings would expose their trickery and shams. But, in spite of all, he is in the vigour of a healthful manhood at the present time. Tall, muscular, with a well-knit frame, keen piercing eyes, and face burned by exposure in a rigorous climate, the Archdeacon looks more like a prosperous tradesman or manufacturer than a clergyman, while his years of contact with the abrupt, outspoken miners have given him a brisk, business-like manner, which one notes immediately. His words and attitude, however, plainly show his enthusiastic interest in the labour to which he has devoted his life.

Arctic Parishioners

A book might easily be written about this labour, so extensive and varied is it—and every page would hold the reader's attention to the last word. The journeys of the missionary are replete with incident. Not merely for a few days, but for weeks, perhaps months, he may be gone; and,

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strange to say, the longest trips are taken in the Alaska winter, when it is so cold that only a covering of the warmest furs will keep the traveller from freezing to death if he linger but a few moments by the wayside. But winter is more suitable than summer for reaching many parts of this great land. The rivers, covered with ice, form highways along which the dog sledges move, and often the pack bearer wearily trudges. There are vast areas of "tundra"—land which is like a sponge, for it is full of holes containing water, so that a person attempting to walk on it may sink far down into the treacherous stuff. Winter freezes the water, and coats the top of the "tundra" with snow, so that it can be used as a highway, and will bear the loaded sledges without breaking through. Other ways, however, are mere trails through the forest, where the traveller may go fifty, even a hundred miles, and meet no other human being. Unless he brings along enough food for himself and his animals, death may overtake him far from the sight of any of his kind. So sparsely settled is the interior that it may be nearly a week's journey from one little cluster of huts, called a town, to another.

Mode of Travel

Such is the region where this intrepid missionary has been labouring. Not strange is it that in a year he has gone over 6,000 miles over the "tundra," and along the ice-topped river, or by the forest trail. His usual mode of travel is by dog sledge. The sledge, built of spruce wood, is a clumsy-looking affair, but strong and serviceable. It is about nine feet long and mounted on two runners. Upon it is a "pack," or bundle, wrapped in skins. The bundle contains such edibles as dried fish, flour or meal, tea and coffee, perhaps a little canned milk, dried fruit as an antidote for scurvy, extra clothing, and an ample supply of tracts and other religious literature in various languages. But this is not all. The Archdeacon may need to play the part of the Good Samaritan by the way, and some simple remedies are always a part of the stores.

When all is ready for the journey the dog team is "hitched" to the sledge by thongs of hide. Usually six "huskies," as they are called, are enough to pull it over the ice and snow; and occasionally, when the going is good, their master lies



THE COSTLIEST LOG CHURCH IN AMERICA, AND ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL

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down on the pack and gets a well-earned rest, but much of the time *en route* he is ploughing his way sturdily on foot, when he is not ahead breaking out a path in a drift of soft snow so that the dogs may get through it. They have a weight of from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds to pull, and in many places the missionary must use his muscle to assist them.

Week after week the journey continues, for fifty miles make a good day's record in that country. As he may not be able to keep on until he reaches a human habitation, the Alaskan traveller must find shelter in the wild, if necessary. When on a frozen river bed, as night-fall approaches he looks for a spot on the bank which may be a bit sheltered from the wind. Here he scoops away the snow until he finds a handful of dried twigs and lights a fire, if he can get some fir or pine branches, but often he makes his coffee or tea on the tiny oil-stove, which is always a part of his outfit. Then he feeds his dogs, eats his own supper, and buries himself in the pack skins to try to get a few hours' sleep before dawn arouses him to another day of plodding. Luckily the Alaska dogs live on the few pounds of mush mixed with dried fish that they eat once a day, so the traveller need only get his own breakfast, arrange the pack on the sledge, fasten in the team, and be off.

But he may not have a safe route even on the frozen river top. If it is coated with snow he must continually be on the

lookout lest he plunge into the water. Here and there the current may flow so rapidly that the ice above is merely a thin sheet which will quickly give way, although the snow covering conceals the danger.

These air holes must be watched for, as the Archdeacon well knows by a thrilling experience which he had about two years ago. He was *en route* down the Yukon River to a mission station. Apparently the stream was entirely covered with a thick bed of ice, as there were no dark spots on the snow to indicate the presence of an air hole. With his usual caution, however, he decided to take no chances, and went ahead of the dog team, testing the river bed by stamping on it with his foot. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, he plunged into an air hole which had been entirely concealed by a drift of the snow. The rapid current drew him down until only his head and shoulders were visible. Fortunately he managed to grasp a piece of the icy crust which was thicker than that about it, and thus

was kept from being drawn under the ice until his assistant could slide a wooden pole over the surface. Seizing this, he was gradually pulled out of the hole. The mercury, however, was more than 60 degrees below zero, and had he not worn an oilskin over his lower garments, thus keeping out the water, he would have escaped drowning only to be frozen to death.

Let us remember that Alaska, which is under the flag of the United States,



AN ALASKAN WOMAN BEFORE CONVERSION,
WEARING HER CEREMONIAL ROBES.

BIBLE BEARERS IN THE ARCTIC



INTERIOR OF AN ALASKAN MISSION CHURCH DECORATED FOR ASCENSION DAY.

contains 570,000 square miles, an area nearly five times that of the British Isles—while another great territory is the Canadian Alaska; but Archdeacon Stuck does not suspend his efforts at the boundary line. He may well be called an international missionary, for if there is a call from over the border he answers it, and the Canadian clergy can testify to many instances of his ministration in their field, where he is as welcome as on the American side.

Northern Solitudes

Those who live in thickly settled countries cannot realise how far the mission worker must go to reach the few congregations in the American Alaska and the occasional native villages. To-day the entire region contains less than 200,000 souls, despite the thousands who have sought out the gold fields in recent years. Of course, the first churches and schools were

established along the coast in the earlier settlements of the white folk. Then the bearers of the Bible braved the sea, and in their little boats went northwards, visiting the tribes whose villages are on the bays and inlets. All of this country may be called the older Alaska. Dr. Stuck has not been content with confining his labours to it, but, as stated, he has gone to the most distant mining camps with a little band of assistants, establishing stations, each in charge of some faithful worker for the Church. Thus one finds churches, schools, even hospitals, as far distant as the Tanana country and north of the Yukon itself.

This river, dividing the United States territory into two parts, furnishes over 2,000 miles of waterway, on which all sorts of craft, from the steamboat to the canoe, may ply in summer, while in winter it is called the "Great White Way," because of the tide of travel by sledge and pack-bearer over its snow-covered surface. Into the Yukon flow many rivers, including the Tanana, which in itself is 500 miles long.

Until recently the Tanana country was practically unknown to the white man, but the magic word "gold" caused a rush of fortune-hunters into it. Towns



THE DIFFICULTIES OF CHURCH-GOING IN THE WINTER: A JANUARY SNOWDRIFT IN ALASKA.

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sprang into existence where a week before only the bare hillside was to be seen. The miners tore great holes in the earth in their search for the yellow metal. The quiet valleys echoed to the clank of machinery. The scenes in the southern territory, when gold was discovered, were repeated.

But with the horde of wealth-seekers came the soul-seekers. Quick to realise the work which might be done here, Dr. Stuck and his helpers went from camp to camp. Fairbanks might be called the "metropolis" of the region. Here was built a church of logs, just as cut from the forest trees, without waiting to saw them into boards, or to strip them of their bark. The edifice was named St. Matthew's, after the cathedral in far-away Texas. St. Matthew's is unique, in that it is a church on Sundays, but during the balance of the week it is a gathering place for the people who would come here to rest, read or have a social talk. It is the costliest log church in the world, for the logs in it cost thirty pounds sterling for each thousand feet, board measure, and the workmen who built it were paid five shillings an hour for their time. Beside it was erected a hospital, in which 400 patients can be cared for. It is open to anyone, no matter whether white or native, and those of all beliefs are welcome to its aid. Here physicians and nurses, who have followed Dr. Stuck in his errand of mercy, give their time and skill. The hospital has been of much value in making friends for the church, as many of its inmates have become converted as well as cured of their bodily ailments.

Brave Supporters

The Tanana country is a region which extends over 500 miles from end to end, yet the Bible bearers have reached its very borders. Assisting Dr. Stuck is a devoted band of women as well as men, who have not only volunteered to share his hardships in journeying from place to place, but have offered to take charge of the mission stations, which have already been established far from Fairbanks itself. Tales of the bravery, devotion, and sacrifice of these station-keepers, as they might be termed, can be told which seem

almost incredible, but which are absolutely true. Through the aid of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the American Episcopal Church, they have been provided for, but in some instances not only men but women are living over a hundred miles from the nearest of their race, their only neighbours and associates being the natives with whom they must talk in the Indian tongue.

Already some of the work these women have done has given them a reputation throughout Alaska. They have a saying in the territory, that whenever the name of Miss Lizzie Woods is mentioned, men take off their hats even if she is not present. Miss Woods was one of the first to follow Archdeacon Stuck into this northern wilderness. Educated as a trained nurse, she gave up the comforts and pleasures of a home amid civilisation in the States, and placed herself at the disposal of the Missionary Society. She was appointed to take charge of what is known as the Fort Yukon Mission, which is over 100 miles from any white habitation. Here she exists in a dilapidated log hut, which, at times, becomes a church when she reads the service to the tribe of natives to whom she is devoting herself. Sometimes it is a hospital, where Miss Woods ministers to the sick children who are brought to her by their parents. Again, her little living-room is transformed into a sort of social club or mothers' meeting, where she teaches the women of the tribe such branches as sewing and simple cookery, and at the same time tries to give them a knowledge of the Christian religion.

A Typical Case

Since she took charge at the Fort Yukon Mission Miss Woods has seldom been away from her lonely post. Once, however, she went on a short visit to another station. While there, native boys brought the news that diphtheria had broken out in her settlement. Without waiting for others, she immediately started back with the two boys, and made a journey of 85 miles up the Yukon River in their frail canoe. She arrived none too soon, as nearly half of her people were afflicted with the dreaded disease. Her skill and untiring efforts resulted in finally checking the progress of the

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epidemic, the mission being again turned into a hospital for the time. The news of the outbreak was also received by Dr. Stuck, who hurried to Miss Woods's aid, with the result that the settlement was finally freed from the disease with the loss of only a few lives.

Such is only one illustration of the heroism of the band of missionary workers in this Tanana country. Another field into which they have entered is what is called the Koyukuk Valley, as it is inhabited by Indians of this name. The Koyukuk is noted as the centre of great storms, while the temperature in winter is often lower than in any other part of Alaska, rigorous as is the season throughout the territory. The blizzards which sweep down the valley are so fierce that the mercury actually falls to 60 degrees and 70 degrees below zero, while the wind will overturn the heaviest loaded sledge or toboggan.

One of the most perilous expeditions undertaken by Dr. Stuck and his assistant was in the winter of 1906, when they travelled from the Koyukuk to the shores of the Arctic Ocean to reach a little settlement of natives on what is called Kotzebue Sound. Owing to frequent storms, the journey occupied much more time than usual, but they finally arrived at their destination, and founded another mission station, which is one of the most northerly in the world.

The mission workers have also brought the Bible into one of the most interesting settlements of the Far North-West—the community of the Anviks. These people, who live chiefly by fishing on the Yukon and its tributaries, have their homes in great holes, literally burrowing in the earth like animals. They are among the most degraded and ignorant of the Alaskan tribes, but among them a church and a school have been established.



MISSION SCHOOL IN ALASKA, SHOWING ONE OF DR. STUCK'S ASSISTANTS AND HER PUPILS. BY THE SIDE OF THE SCHOOL IS ONE OF THE TOTEM POLES, WHICH ARE REGARDED AS SACRED BY THE UNCONVERTED NATIVES.

"Uncle"

A Story of Love and Loneliness

By E. BURROWES

"WHAT we want is a fairy godmother," said the girl.

"Or a rich uncle," laughed the boy.

"But we have neither, have we, Jim?"

Jim Leyland shook his sleek fair head, and the sparkle died away in the girl's blue eyes. They were as blue as the smooth sea which was creeping in towards them over the yellow sand, and as clear. She sat on the sandhill, her elbows on her knees, her pretty chin supported on her palms, looking at the shimmering water and the distant haze which was creeping over the brilliance of the July sky.

"We've got nothing but each other, really," said Jim after a pause; "and Esmé, darling"—he turned and looked up at the girl's serious face—"we can't be poor—as long as we can say that."

He flushed a little beneath his tan as he spoke. Like most Britons, Jim Leyland never found it easy to express the innermost feelings of his heart. But Esmé always understood him.

She looked now from the shimmering incoming tide to the boy's eager face, and smiled. Her eyes were enchanting.

"No—we can't," she said. "Jim, how heavenly it would be to be able to stay here—to live here—even if one only had a little cottage like those we saw up on the cliff. Don't you hate London—noisy, hurrying London—after this?"

He nodded. Heavenly to have a cottage on the cliff! Of course it would be—or a tiny flat high up in an eyrie in smoky London—that, too, would be a bit of paradise, if he and Esmé were together. But years would have to bring more grist to his mill before he could ask her to name a day for their wedding; that wonderful time seemed as far off as ever.

What could they do but wait? He was only a bank clerk; she earned a small weekly income in a City office where she did typing and shorthand. And they both knew what a fallacy it was to suppose that two cost no more to keep than one! So they faced a long, long waiting, and took

what gifts the niggardly gods gave them; this one-day holiday by the sea was one of them.

It had passed all too quickly, and as the day's brilliance faded they had to reluctantly leave the sandhills and the long sweeping shore, and hurry to catch the train which was to whirl them back to the world—and work.

The journey, which took about two hours, was quite a pleasant ending to a delightful day. They had the compartment to themselves, save for one elderly grey-headed man, who was, for the most part, invisible behind an evening paper. Only once did he glance at the young couple curiously, and then with something like a sigh went back to his steady reading of stocks and shares.

Sitting side by side in the corner, Leyland and Miss Carter talked together happily enough; building castles in the air with all the optimism of youth in love. And perhaps unconsciously their voices were raised a little as the train flew on through the deepening twilight; and presently, instead of reading the stocks and shares—the only reading he had ever cared for seriously—the man on the other side began to listen to their conversation with an interest, an eagerness, which he himself was far from understanding.

Perhaps a pang of envy disturbed him; they were young—most obviously in love—they had all the world, and all their lives, before them; his were all behind, and love—well, if it had entered at all into that iron strenuous existence of his, it was so far away now that only a few faded memories were left to him. But they were better than nothing; faded rose leaves, with still a hint of fragrance left in them. That was all.

So he listened, with a half-smile on his rugged worn face, to the castle-building which was going on in the far corner of the carriage.

"It's not that one wants to be *rich*," the boy—he looked little more to the grey-headed man—was saying, "but just to have enough. Think how little it would seem to some

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people to have three hundred a year secure—besides a profession—and how much it would mean to us. Why, Esmé, it would mean no more office for you—how I *hate* to think of your grinding away in that beastly city; it would mean a dear little flat—a home of your own; a real holiday every summer to the seaside or the country—and, oh, everything we want!"

Esmé laughed, then she sighed, and nestled a little closer to the boy.

"Yes, everything we want," she said softly; "doesn't it sound wonderful, Jim? Well, perhaps our ship will sail home some day——"

"Or a rich uncle may turn up!" said Jim.

"I should like any kind of uncle, if he was nice and kind," said Esmé, with a soft laugh—a laugh that made the newspaper in the far corner quiver suspiciously, "for I often feel

lonely. Not when I'm with you, dear, but it is rather hard to have no one of one's own. You and I are alike in that respect, Jim, we've got to stand alone."

"What would you do with an uncle if you had one?" said he, a twinkle of mirth in his nice eyes. It was perhaps just for the pleasure of watching Esmé's enchanting eyes, her expressive lips, her pretty gestures, that he asked the idle question. The train was thundering along, bearing them farther from the country, nearer the hub of the universe. Stars had begun to shine out in the clear sky—pin-pricks of light in the floor of heaven.

"I'd keep house for him," she said promptly; "and if he was lonely we could keep each other company. I'd mend his



"The man behind the paper winced as he thought that there was no living being to welcome him"—p. 286.

socks, order and, perhaps, cook his dinner, and so learn how to do everything for you. I could experiment on the uncle!"

"Happy uncle!"

"I mean it, really," protested the girl with laughing eyes; "you don't know what good care I could take of him. If only he would turn up! Poor or rich, I'd welcome him!"

The man behind the sheltering paper closed his eyes for an instant; how the fresh young voice rang in his ears:

"I'd welcome him!"

The train was running swiftly through miles of murky houses, where a myriad of lights flashed out in the night. They were very near the end of the journey now; the day's holiday was over, and castle-

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building must give place to hard work. And the man behind the paper winced as he thought that there was no living being to welcome him on his arrival in London; he would be a mere unit, lonely, unwanted—unwanted unless—

He rose and took down the bag on the rack over his head, glancing at the young couple absorbed in each other in the opposite corner. As he was about to sit down again, a sudden movement on Esmé's part sent a book which lay on her lap to the floor of the carriage, and the grey-headed man was quick enough to pick it up before Jim had time to do so. As he took it up it opened at the fly-leaf, he saw in a flash the name and address written there, and they were instantly photographed on his memory:

"ESMÉ CARTER, 24, Clifford's Inn, E.C."

Then the train thundered into a big station, and a few minutes later the young couple were lost to sight, hurrying to catch an omnibus; while the grey-headed man was left alone, to be swallowed up in his turn by a taxi-cab and driven swiftly away westwards through the gloom.

* * * * *

Esmé sat at her writing table hard at work; she had just come in from the City office in which she worked all day, and after a frugal meal had settled down to the new work she was doing in secret, and with much trembling hope; not even to Jim had she confided her burning ambition to climb the ladder of literary fame. No, she would wait till she achieved success. Then, when her name was writ large in the literary world; when she had published a striking novel, or produced a soul-stirring play, she would show him her laurels, tell him they might have that cottage in the country—as well as a flat in town—and all would thereafter be *couleur de rose*. These were the sort of castles in the air she loved to build in her solitary little flat in Clifford's Inn.

It was hardly a flat, it was so tiny. Just one nice sitting-room, out of which opened a minute bedroom and a minute kitchen where, with an oil stove and the occasional help of a kindly charwoman, she did all her cooking. The sitting-room was charming, with its quaint beamed ceiling, its dark oak walls and high fireplace; the latticed windows gave it quite a country aspect;

and the electric light, put in by a former tenant with luxurious tastes, was set in quaint hanging horn lanterns which depended from the ceiling. The simplest of furnishings, and a vivid-hued Eastern carpet, made the place very charming, despite its bare simplicity. Here Esmé had established herself, earning her own living, which supplemented the slender fifty pounds a year which was all she had in the way of a settled income. And here she wove the most wonderful fairy tales, built many dream castles, and worked with her eyes fixed always on that future which she was to spend, some day, with Jim Leyland.

Perhaps she had this much in her mind on this summer evening, as her pen flew over the paper, writing a little story which she hoped to see in print in a well-known magazine, which had recently accepted one or two small articles from her. For she wrote of the struggles and trials and joys of a young couple with whom money was by no means plentiful, and her hero had a most suspicious likeness to Jim Leyland.

So engrossed was she with the doings of her hero and heroine that she did not hear the knocking at her door till it had been repeated several times. Then with an impatient note in her voice she said: "Come in," and did not even lift her pretty head, when the door opened behind her.

"I don't want anything more to-night, Mrs. Evans," she said, without turning round; "but if—"

"I am not Mrs. Evans," said a man's voice, and Esmé jumped to her feet, throwing down her pen, and found herself face to face with a tall, grey-headed man, who was looking at her with a humorous twinkle in his kindly eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, the astonished colour flying to her face, for visitors were rare in that tiny flat, "but I thought it was the—charwoman. Can I do anything for you?"

A wild idea that this nice-looking elderly man, whose face was somehow familiar to her—she did not know why—might be an editor come to commission work from the authoress who was some day to startle the whole of England with a flash of genius (this was one of her many dream castles), she dismissed as too impossible to entertain for a moment.

"You can do a great deal for me if you

"UNCLE"

will," said the stranger. "I suppose you would not believe me if I told you that I—am your uncle?"

She stared at him in amazement. Was the man mad?

"I am afraid I could not," she said gravely; "because—I have no uncles living."

"But there are such things as adopted uncles. Suppose I am one of them. What do you say to that?"

"I—I don't understand." There was a faint accent of fright in her pretty voice. If the man *was* a lunatic—even a harmless one—how was she to get rid of him? She was quite alone on the third floor; beneath her lived an artist; above her head, a suffragette. Perhaps *she* might be of some assistance.

"Yet you said that if an uncle—rich or poor—came to you, you would welcome him."

Esmé was still more bewildered, still more assured in her own mind that this strange visitor—pleasant, kindly looking man though he was, and obviously a gentleman—was not quite in his right senses.

"So I would," she agreed, thinking that—Heavens! surely it was safer to humour this harmless lunatic?—"but——"

"But you would not welcome *me*?" There was such a wistful note in his deep voice that the girl felt a sudden sympathy gush forth in her heart. He was *lonely*. Lunatic or not, he was lonely; she knew it; she knew so well what that felt like, too.

"Oh, I would, I would," she broke out with soft enthusiasm, "only——"

"Only you think

me very odd, perhaps a little mad?" he interrupted her with a smile. "Well, then, I must explain. A week ago you spent the day at Cliffedge; am I not right?"

Esmé nodded. This was curiouser and curiouser, as Alice in Wonderland says.

"You came back by the evening train; I was in the carriage with you and your friend. I—I was just back from South America. I hadn't a soul belonging to me who cared whether I came back or not. I hadn't even an old friend I could look up, except my lawyers, and they were only men of business, not friends. So that can you wonder I envied both you young people? I, forgive me, listened to your conversation.



"Esmé jumped to her feet, throwing down her pen. 'I beg your pardon. I thought it was the—the charwoman.'"

THE QUIVER

It brought back memories—ah, well, never mind them now!—but I heard you say you had no one to look after you, no near kin. And it was then you said you would welcome an uncle whether he were rich or poor. I don't see why you shouldn't welcome an adopted uncle, since that is the only kind who could come back to you. Do you?"

Esmé stared at him. He was *not* a lunatic, no, there was quiet sense in his manner and his words. But how extraordinary it all was.

"No, but——"

"I am alone, you are lonely. We'll put it that way. I know no one in this great city, all my interests are far away in South America. I go out alone, I eat alone; no one cares whether I live or die. I should like to adopt you as a niece. I should like you to be able to think of me as an uncle. If you have doubts as to my respectability, Messrs. Andrews and Catford in Lincoln's Inn Fields will satisfy any inquiries. Have I made myself quite plain?"

Esmé leant forward with an ever-deepening interest stirring in her pretty eyes. Here was an adventure ready to her hand. How often she had sighed and longed for out-of-the-common copy something which would wake her out of the everyday humdrum rut in which her feet were set. And here it was. Should she flout the chance? Send the man, lunatic or eccentric philanthropist, about his business with the air of an outraged Mrs. Grundy, or should she take him at his word? Adopt him as an uncle?

On a sudden impulse she jumped up and held out her hand.

"I—I do understand a little," she said, with such a pretty, shy smile in her blue eyes that the grey-headed man again felt old memories rise from their grave and confront him. "I do, and I'll do my best to show you what a good time an uncle ought to have. But do you know you have never told me your name yet? And you seem to know mine and all about me."

"So I do. I made it my business to find out all about the girl I wanted for an adopted niece," he said; "and as to my name—it is not a pretty one—Reuben Page."

"Uncle Reuben!" she said with a soft smile.

The man flushed all over his lean, rather weather-beaten face; his eyes lit up; the fires of youth had not quite died down in them.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. "I—I never heard anyone say that before." He left her then, after arranging to take her out to lunch the next day and asking for Jim Leyland's address. And when he had gone, Esmé flew to the telephone—which was located in the next flat—which she was allowed to use. She rang up the house in which Jim had rooms and spoke eagerly when he came to the receiver at the other end.

"Jim! Is that you? Yes, I'm all right. I only wanted to tell you something most wonderful which has just happened. A fairy uncle has turned up! No—not a real one, but an adopted one; come round early before you go to the bank, and I'll tell you all about him. *He may be rich.* I don't know—I never asked. But he's awfully lonely, and so nice. It's like a story in a book. Perhaps it will bring our ship home some day, Jim. I'm so excited I don't know what to do. Remember, early to-morrow morning."

* * * * *

Mr. Catford put his hands together, looked at his finger tips, and then at the flushed face of the girl sitting opposite him in the stately room where clients were interviewed. Then he glanced at the young man who was a little farther off.

"Mr.—er—Page," he said slowly, "is a gentleman for whom I have the greatest possible respect. You may rely upon him, my dear young lady, implicitly. He is a man in a thousand. Lonely? Yes, of course. Quite his own fault. He might go anywhere. However, that is his business, not ours."

"Then you think—I—I ought to do as he asks?" said Esmé.

The lawyer permitted himself to smile slightly.

"I can imagine nothing pleasanter for you both," he said with a stiff little bow. And that settled it.

"Of course, it's awfully queer, darling," said Jim as they went out into the sunny street together, "awfully queer. But if the old chap is lonely, and you see he's all right, why not let him take you about a bit? He must be an eccentric sort of philanthropist. If he were only a millionaire, why your fortune would be made, Esmé."

"He may be poor—I don't know," said Esmé soberly; "but he is very lonely, I

"UNCLE"

do know that much. And I will do what I can for him."

So that was how it all began.

Reuben Page said in after years that the couple of months that followed upon his return to England were the happiest he had ever known. He spent as much of the time as possible with Esmé. As soon as her work was over they would dine together, Jim usually making one of the party, and then either drive into the country or go to a concert or entertainment. On Saturdays they would go on the river—halcyon days those for Esmé and Jim, and perhaps for Reuben Page too, for he could thus look at happiness through another man's eyes.

They heard a good deal about his adventurous life in South America; of an insurrection which had ruined him; of many strange sights and people, and, above all, of the loneliness which had been eating into his very heart, and the aching for home—for the grey-green shores of England. And little by little both Esmé and Jim grew to love the uncle.

"And when do you young people think of getting married?" asked the uncle.

"Well, sir, as soon as we can afford it," said Jim frankly. They were sitting under the trees on the banks of the river, which glided by with a deliciously cool ripple. Forget-me-nots grew thickly on the bank; and the day was perfect.

"I would like to see you married before I leave England again," said the uncle with curious abruptness. "I find I shall have to go out to South America again on business, and before I do so—have you ever thought of doing anything else, Jim? Or do you intend to stick to banking all your days?"

Jim hesitated for a moment.

"There are things I'd rather do, sir," he said, "but I don't see how I can start anything else now at my age."

"What kind of thing, for example?"

"Well, something to do with the country for choice. I fancied a land agency very much, but one wants influence, and that I haven't got."

"H'm! Do you know anything about the work?"

"A little, sir, and I could learn. I was brought up in the country. I know something about land, and of course the account work would be easy enough."

The uncle nodded, his eyes on Esmé, who

was picking flowers along the river's brink.

"I see. I believe I might be able to help you to such a job. A young and energetic agent is wanted at Allington Park in Devonshire——"

"What—the American millionaire's place?" said Jim eagerly. "I've heard of him and of the place. But he'd want a bigger man."

"I don't know about that. He wants an honest man, a man who would study his interests first, and, above all, a young, energetic man. I don't see why you shouldn't do as well as another, and—I—I have some influence with Mr.—er—Vanderpol. We saw a good deal of each other in America."

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

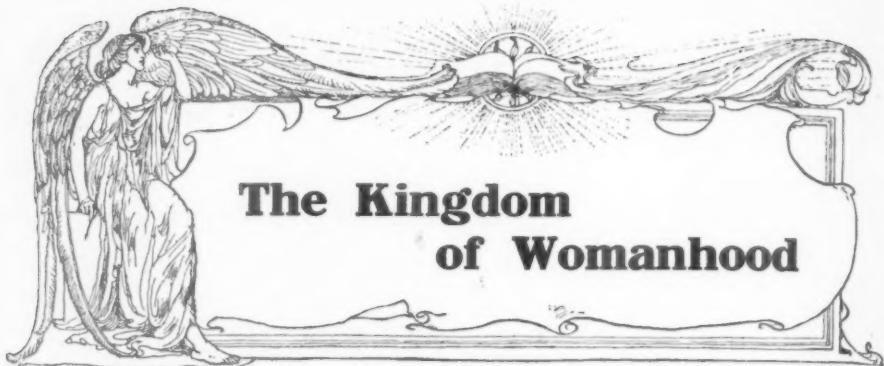
"I really mean it. I think the country would suit Esmé better than the town, and I wish to see you both happily settled before Christmas."

It seemed as if the ship so long expected, so patiently waited for, had come home at last, bringing good fortune to both Jim Leyland and Esmé, for a few weeks later Jim was appointed agent to the Allington Park estate, and he left the bank to enter upon his new duties, which gave him a salary of five hundred a year, together with a charming house on the borders of Allington Park. And perhaps no one was more honestly surprised than the two young people when, on going to interview their new employer, he turned out to be—*Uncle*—Mr. Reuben Page Vanderpol, the South American millionaire, of much world-wide fame.

"*Poor or rich, I'd welcome him,*" said he, holding a hand of each, as they tried to voice their thanks. "Esmé, those were your own words, my dear. I resolved to prove their sincerity. I have done so. And I shall never feel lonely again as long as I have you and our new agent to call me *Uncle*."

* * * * *

There are others now to call the man of millions *Uncle* when he comes for more than half the year to Allington Park. Little voices echo in the big rambling house; little hands clasp his, and small eager feet run to meet him. No, he will never be lonely again, for he has Esmé and Esmé's children to make him forget that he ever knew the meaning of the word.



The Kingdom of Womanhood

No. 2.—MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSE

WOMEN are beginning to outgrow the old false belief that the servant problem was entirely due to the carelessness and deliberate inefficiency of the servant class.

The type of woman who imagines that a servant is a being endowed with an extra allowance of original sin, specially created to be the bugbear, the domestic cross of long-suffering mistresses, still exists. But, to the credit of our sex, it must be acknowledged that the average woman is taking a more impartial view of the relationship between mistress and maid.

She is beginning to see that in these days of social reform, when every class of worker in industrial life is having better conditions, and better pay, the servant also must have her due measure of consideration. The solution of the servant problem rests with the mistress. She has, in the first place, to realise that domestic servants have real grievances to complain of; secondly, to acknowledge that, so long as mistresses are incompetent and ignorant themselves, they cannot expect a very high standard from their servants. A wise mistress makes good servants; women who are fools themselves, lacking in method, order, patience and philosophy, are invariably loudest in their complaints against the servant class.

What are the chief complaints from the mistresses' point of view? That

servants, as a class, are incompetent, ungrateful and untrustworthy.

Incompetent Mistresses and Untrained Maids

It is certainly true that many girls who go in for domestic service are entirely untrained. There is no apprenticeship for servants, they have to learn as they go along, and their training, good or bad, depends very much on their mistresses. When they go, while still young, to a house where the mistress knows housewifery, and where she is wise enough to realise that servants have to be taught before much can be demanded of them, they are fortunate indeed. Very often, however, they go to service where the mistress is as untrained as they are themselves, and the result is chaos and muddle, perpetual difficulties, and abrupt parting of sulky maids and scolding mistress in a few months' time. In some houses there is a constant procession of maids coming and going, discomfort reigns, and the mistress cannot speak too strongly against the ingratitude and unreliableness of her maids.

I go so far as to say that if maids are incompetent the mistress is to blame; that if a woman will take the trouble, when a girl first comes to the house, to teach her everything, from sweeping the bedrooms to waiting at table if necessary, she will go far to make her maids such as she would desire.

THE KINGDOM OF WOMANHOOD

The servant problem is most acute in small households where one, or perhaps two, servants are kept. In larger establishments there is better regulation of work, more variety, better pay, and better conditions of living.

In small houses where accommodation is limited it is too often considered that anything is good enough for the servant. She may have to sleep in an ill-ventilated, dark and even damp room; her comfort is not considered; she has to work till ten or eleven at night, with no time off duty all day. Many maidservants suffer from anæmia and dyspepsia simply because they are always on the rush and have not time to sit down quietly to their meals. It is unfair to expect girls to work from 6.30 or 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. That is the time the ordinary servant is "on duty." Even if she is not working hard all the time, she may be rung for at any moment.

When mistresses cannot get maids to stay with them they should ask themselves if they have organised the housework to the best of their ability.

Superfluous Labour

If we mistresses wish to seriously tackle the servant problem, we must commence by simplifying service and minimising domestic labour. Brains and consideration will do a great deal towards making service in one's household pleasurable for the maids. Compare the house of a sensible, clever woman with the house of a fool. Look at the order and method in the domestic sphere of large institutions, such as hospitals, with a capable matron at the head. It is a great thing if a woman will study the economy of labour and eliminate superfluous work. Over-furnished rooms crowded with knick-knacks and so-called ornaments cause unnecessary work. Where a servant has charge of half a dozen rooms and has parlour work or kitchen work as well, the mistress should carefully consider what articles she could dispense with out of her many belongings. The removal of about one half of the ornaments and silver and superfluous furnishings would go far to economise labour and improve the appearance of the majority of homes. Then carpet

sweepers, potato parers, knife cleaning machines and many other inexpensive labour-saving contrivances are worth investing in, and are real economies in the end.

Rest and Recreation

Next to economy of labour we must consider the needs of the servant with regard to rest and recreation. Why is office work or shop life, or even factory life, preferred by the girls of our working classes to domestic service? Simply because the workers have a definite time off duty, absolutely their own to spend as they like. It is not so in domestic service. A half-day on Sunday and one evening a week is the ordinary allowance of time off for servants. They may have a slack time during the afternoon or evening when the work is well managed and not too heavy, but it is not their own time in the sense that the factory girl's evenings belong to herself, and the shop girl's week end is absolutely her own.

It has been said that we shall have to solve the servant problem by abolishing our present methods altogether and paying girls for piece work or by the hour. In such a case the servants would sleep at home; "living in" would be abolished altogether.

I prefer to think that a modification of our present system will be found best in the end—that servants will form part of the household, but that they will have their stipulated time off duty in the afternoon or evening. It may come about by agitation of the servants themselves, even by legislation and Act of Parliament to limit their working hours. But it would be better if it came from the mistresses. If mistresses individually and as a class would recognise the rights of the servant to be considered as a working woman, who must be treated with courtesy, kindness and consideration, it would help to solve the problem.

The ordinary mistress might consider the happiness of her servants more than she does. Domestic service is a hard life, a monotonous life, even when servants are well fed and comfortably housed.

If there are careless, ungrateful servants, there are also petty, narrow-minded, selfish mistresses, who are easily put out

THE QUIVER

by domestic frets, and whose servants have to bear the burden of their mistresses' lack of self-control.

Even from the selfish point of view it pays to be good to one's servants. They are like children, easily pleased by small amusements and recreations, grateful for kind treatment—for the time being, at any rate. If their memories are short, if they are eager "to better themselves," can we blame them? Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and from the lowest to the highest rung of the social ladder, we are all anxious to get on in life.

Then there is such a thing as duty to be considered. It is our duty to be as kind as we can to our servants. It is

our duty to give them every comfort in the shape of good rooms, comfortable beds, good food, regular rest and recreation; to teach them and train them according to the needs of the house, not to expect work from them that is beyond their strength; to influence them for good, so that they may leave us better women than when they came; to be sincere, and patient and generous in our dealing with them because they are, for the time being, our dependants—in a sense, at our mercy. Where would the servant problem be then? Still unsolved? Not a bit of it. The effort of the mistress would call forth the best of the maid, and the problem would cease to exist. "Like mistress, like maid," is an old and a true saying.

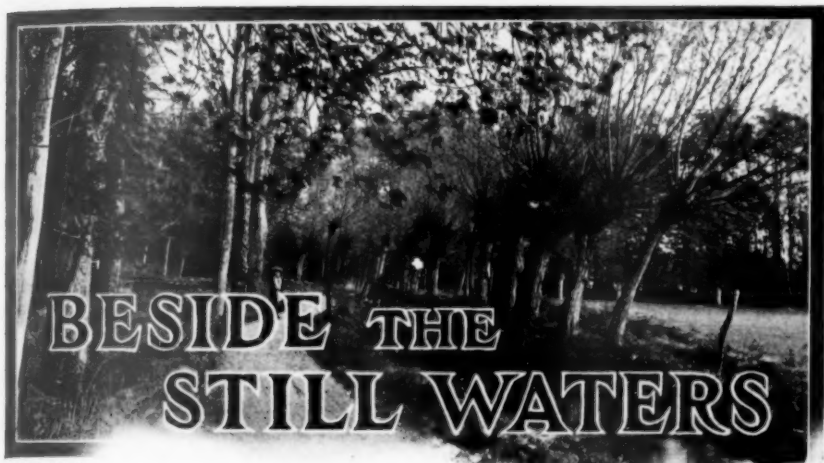


THE CONFLICT OF THE YEARS

THE year is dying,
The battle bravely fought is o'er at last;
The aged warrior, wounded to the death
With Time's fell arrows, silently awaits
The moment of release with laboured breath.
The issue of the long-contested fight,
Or vict'ry, or defeat, or welcomed truce,
The unborn years shall certainly declare,
And turn each well-aimed blow to gain and use.
The warrior, dying, curtained by the night,
Sees not or knows the gain that is to be,
But dies in faith that right will surely win,
And o'er the world will rule eternally.

The year is dawning,
The young recruit takes up the unsheathed sword
His aged sire but just now laid aside;
And buckling on his armour, newly bright,
Essays him forth to ventures yet untried.
Alluring dreams beguile his onward steps,
And visions bright of vict'ries to be won;
He feels upon his brow the laurel crown,
And hears afar the coveted "Well done!"
No thought of failure mars the blissful dream,
No craven fear unnerves the heart of youth;
Great tasks await him, and with faith as great,
He steps into the fray, and strikes for truth!

KENNEDY SEATON.



(Photo: Vasey.)

Looking Back

LOOKING back, along the vanished years,
*Sun and shadow linger on the track,
 But we know thro' gladness and thro' tears,
 'Twas the right way—Looking back.*

*Looking back along the bygone years,
 Miss we many faces on the track;
 "God has led them into happier ways,"
 Say we softly—Looking back.*

*Looking back along the finished past,
 Tho' so oft we feared the ordered track,
 God, Who saw the way from first to last,
 Led us wisely—Looking back.*

*So, in faith, the days that still may be
 Hidden from sight along Life's unknown
 track,
 Hold for us "God's best," as we shall see,
 When our Life ends—Looking back!*
 EVELINE YOUNG.

Help for Daily Living

OUR need of God's help for the meeting of the petty vexations and the minor trials of our everyday life is as real as it is for the supremest struggle of our being in the final conflict with the arch-enemy of our souls. And as to the relative measure of God's power requisite for our aiding, who shall say what is much or what is little for God to do? God is as ready to aid us in one time of need as in another. We can depend upon Him alike when to us our requirements seem great or seem small. He Who will help us in our

dying will help us also in our daily living. He knows your need. It seems to you that no one can know it, it is so vast. He knows it better than you do yourself. The multitude of your own aspirations are not present to you, are lost to you, but He has caught them all in His own vessel, and will see to it that all are duly fulfilled. He knows your need, your bodily, intellectual, and spiritual need, your need to-day and to-morrow. And He knows it that He may supply it.
 —GEORGE BOWEN.

Jesus, the Object of our Thinking

YOU never can drive out the uncleanness of evil thoughts except by pouring in the clean wholesomeness of the thoughts of Christ. Have you ever made Christ for any length of time the one object of your thought? Try it, you men who want to break loose from the shackles that you know are keeping you away from the great blessings of God and from the pure sweetness of His free and holy life. What else is there to think about that is worth anything, compared with Him? All treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden in Him. How it must grieve Him, Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, to see us filling our minds with passing things, worthless things, dying after the fashion of the world, while Christ is crowded away into some bare and paltry place in our lives! Oh, that we might learn to make Jesus, and Jesus only, the object of our thinking!—ROBERT E. SPEER.

THE QUIVER

A Meditation

THIS is life eternal, to be intimate with God; to think His thoughts with Him; to respond to His love for us; to share His love for our brother-men and sister-women; to be filial to Him in our plans and lives, by the desire to please Him and to have His blessed will done everywhere as it is done in heaven. This is what Jesus Christ helps men to do as no one else, and why we need to take His help and become Christians. This is life eternal, to be acquainted with God. And the better that we ourselves become acquainted with Him the more we shall gladly do all we can to enable Him to win every single human child of His in every land to become acquainted with Him and to live with Him as a son.—ROBERT A. HUME.

His Influence

HE was one of that large number of persons whose work brings them in daily contact with all sorts of people. His duties were humdrum and commonplace. The other day one of many parties of tourists required his services. They were given so cheerfully and generously, and there was so much innate dignity and considerateness in the man that a member of the party was led to inquire of one who knew him well whether this particular official was always so even-tempered and friendly. "Always," was the quick reply, "and he has many temptations to impatience and irritability." The party stayed for only a brief hour of pleasuring, and as they went on their way they carried with them pleasant memories of the dignity and graciousness of the man behind the counter. He used well that day his one chance to exert a wholesome influence upon those whom he might never see again. He had schooled himself to be self-contained and kind. In the ebb and flow of life these single points of contact with others prove revelations of character. Happy the man who, when he touches another life but once, touches it to nobler issues.

Homeward Attractions

MR. KANE, in his account of his explorations, tells of one of his men who became sick almost unto death, and in despair gave up the struggle for life. Dr. Kane said to his men: "We must rouse him to a desire to live, and to faith that he can live, or he is gone." So the doctor talked to the discouraged man about the

delights of getting back to old England, to greet friends and relatives. As the doctor named over friend after friend, the sufferer's eyes began to brighten and his ebbing pulse came back. By and by he lifted his thin white hand and exclaimed: "I am not going to die off here among the icebergs. I will see once more the loved ones at home!" And from that hour he began to recover.

Words

LIFE'S bitter words, along the frozen way
Like stinging snowflakes whirl and drift,
before

*The little threshold to a bolted door
Whence no one looketh forth to bid thee stay.*

*But life's kind words, like drops of gentle rain,
Fall from a warm sky on a summer path.
Ah, me—who knows what joy this music
hath!*

To one who deemed the winter waiting vain.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Breathing and Praying

IF we do not get breath it matters very little what else we get. Food, warmth, sleep, are of no avail if we cannot breathe. The entering into the presence of God and communing with Him is the renewal of our spiritual atmosphere.

Set before your mind the case of the diver who has to go down to work in the depths under the sea. The water is the breath of the fish, but it is death to him. The condition of his life is that the air of this upper world be pumped down to him. Then he goes down without fear, careful beforehand to see that all is right with the atmosphere above him, and careful, however deep he goes, or however busy he is, to keep the communication open with that upper world to which he belongs. He is not always thinking about his breathing, but he cannot do without it for a moment, and he knows better than to suffer any trifling with the apparatus that secures his safety.

So are we in this world; the atmosphere is too dense for our new life. And yet our duty lies down here. Well, fear not, go down; only, first of all, be sure about the communication with that higher life to which we belong. If that be broken off or neglected, we die. "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me!" is a cry for every life, and this hiding of ourselves with God in prayer is the adjusting of the apparatus with that source whence comes the breath of life to us.—REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

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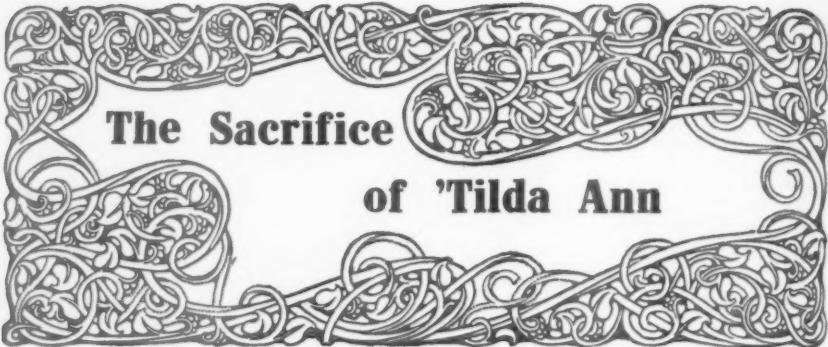
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"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."
S. T. COLERIDGE.



The Sacrifice of 'Tilda Ann

A Story of Nobility in a Servant Girl

By WINIFRED M. GRAHAM

IT occupied the most prominent position in the chief milliner's shop in the High Street of the town of Shepstone, and 'Tilda Ann gazed at it with admiration and awe every time she passed by the shop with its plate-glass windows and big swinging doors. "It" was a hat, a dream of beauty (at any rate, in 'Tilda's eyes), marked fifteen and six. Many people commented on its delicate straw, its clusters of cherries, and its curled feather. Some said that it was hardly good taste—a little too much trimming and rather too varied; but 'Tilda Ann thought it perfect. It was the fondest desire of her life to possess this hat, but it might as well have been priced five pounds as fifteen and six—both sums were equally beyond her purse. She could only picture it as hers, dream of it by night, and look at it whenever her business took her along the High Street and she had a minute or two to spare.

'Tilda Ann was an orphan. She had been brought up by an aunt, who grudged her every mouthful of food she ate, and worked her as hard as she could. If 'Tilda had not been of a naturally philosophical and happy-go-lucky disposition, she would have found her life almost too hard to bear. But she was like an indiarubber ball—if she was pushed in one side she bounced out the other; and life, with all its drawbacks and evils, possessed a certain amount of charm for her. "Wot's the use o' cryin'?" she would say if she found any of her small schoolfellows in tears over some trouble. "Cryin' don't make it no better; it only

makes yer nose red and yer eyes ache. Grin and bear it—that's wot I say."

With this philosophical nature, which many a richer person might have envied, 'Tilda Ann passed through her schooldays and reached the mature age of fourteen. Then her aunt looked about to find her a situation. 'Tilda did up her hair—just a little button in the nape of her neck; her hair was too short and scanty for more—and was ready for her first "place." Mrs. Smart, the wife of the greengrocer who kept a little shop at the corner of their street, wanted a "general" to make herself useful in the house and look after the two babies. So to her 'Tilda hired herself for the munificent sum of eighteenpence a week, with food and lodging.

To say that 'Tilda looked prepossessing would be to overstate the truth. To begin with, she was very short, and looked more like eleven than fourteen years old. Her wispy fair hair, pale blue eyes, and turned-up nose gave her a comical air, which was heightened by the shortness of her frock and the size of her boots. But withal, 'Tilda had an honest, straightforward look. She always spoke the truth—no small virtue for one brought up as she had been—and Mrs. Smart found her indeed a treasure.

After 'Tilda had been in her place three months her aunt died. 'Tilda could not be sorry, for there had been no love between them, but there was a certain sense of loss. The only relative she had was gone, and she had to make her way in the world alone. Still, her weekly eighteen-

THE SACRIFICE OF 'TILDA ANN

pence was her own now—there was no one to claim a share; and 'Tilda, who had a frugal mind, began to try and save a little in an old wooden box. Her savings did not increase as she would have liked, for her boots would wear out and had to be mended, and also 'Tilda had a soft heart, and was always helping people in need with some of her hard-earned pence.

It was at this time, one gusty March day, that the wonderful hat appeared in Turner's window. 'Tilda was wheeling the perambulator, containing Mrs. Smart's two fat babies, when she first caught a glimpse of it. It took her fancy at once. There was something so rich in the colour of the cherries, contrasted with the green leaves, and the feather quite captivated her. 'Tilda's only hat was a very weather-beaten, nondescript affair, which she wore on Sundays and weekdays alike. Hitherto she had not felt the lack of anything better; but now a deep longing for this beautiful hat took possession of her soul. She thought of it as she wheeled the babies home; she pictured it as she

went about her household tasks; she dreamed of it at night. But, as we said before, the price was far beyond her purse.

But as the summer came, and the hot June and July days passed, the hat still remained in the window. Somehow, no one cared to give the price required. Twice it vanished for a brief time, and each time 'Tilda was in the depths of despair; but each time it reappeared reduced in price, and occupying a less prominent position. The second time it was marked down to eight and sixpence. 'Tilda went home and counted her money. Alas! she had but three shillings and twopence halfpenny, and a hole in the sole of her boot demanded immediate attention!

So matters remained until, one hot afternoon at the close of August, 'Tilda's mistress sent her into the High Street to get some shrimps for tea. Freddy Smart accompanied 'Tilda, and dragged along fretfully, for he was hot and tired. 'Tilda, too, felt rather flat and inclined to be cross, for she had been working hard all day, and her



"A deep longing for this beautiful hat took possession of her soul."

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legs ached. She walked along rather absently, thinking of the little treat that was in store for her. Treats did not often come 'Tilda's way, but the teacher of the Bible Class which she attended on Sunday afternoons (when she could be spared) had invited all her girls to a picnic the following week. They were to go by train to a country place about twenty miles away, and a day of enjoyment was to follow, finishing with a drive home in the evening. 'Tilda had received permission to join the party, and she looked forward eagerly to the outing. Only one thing marred her anticipations. All the other girls had nice clothes to wear—nice, at any rate, in 'Tilda's eyes; she must go, perforce, if she went at all, in old ones. Mrs. Smart had given her a partly-worn grey coat, which was somewhat large for her, but looked fairly respectable, but she had no hat. True, she might spend her savings—now increased to four shillings—on a new hat; but 'Tilda could not see one that pleased her, and in her secret soul she still hankered after the hat in Turner's window. If only she had that—how the other girls would envy her! 'Tilda brushed back a wisp of hair, and roused herself from her day-dream.

"Come on, Freddy! How yer drags! 'Ot, are yer? So am I. There! we'll soon be 'ome, and there'll be shrimps for tea. My! it's been redooced again!"

They had reached Turner's, and 'Tilda stopped to give her customary glance at the hat. A large placard on the window announced that a sale was now on, and the hat was marked in large figures—five and six.

'Tilda made a rapid calculation. She had four shillings in her wooden box, and her weekly eighteenpence was due that evening. The hat was within her reach at last.

Trembling with eagerness she hurried Freddy home, and with some hesitation requested that she might be allowed out for half an hour that evening. Saturday was not very convenient to Mrs. Smart, who helped her husband in the shop, but, being in a good humour, she gave the desired permission, only stipulating that 'Tilda Ann should put the babies to bed and not be out longer than half an hour.

It must be confessed that 'Tilda Ann hastened over her work that evening. The tea things received only a lick and a promise,

and the babies suffered the same treatment. But then it was the greatest event of 'Tilda's short life—this going out to buy a new hat—and she was desperately afraid lest someone should be before her. In her vivid imagination she saw the hat sold twenty times before she could get out, and she fairly danced with impatience when Mrs. Smart called her into the shop, and leisurely gave her instructions to bring home a pound of sausages for supper.

But at last she was off, with her money in a battered old purse, clasped tightly in her hand. She fairly raced along the road, elbowing the passers-by in her hurry. As she drew near to Turner's she slackened her speed. Suppose—suppose the hat was gone. She could hardly summon up resolution to look in the window. Her heart beat fast with apprehension, but when she did look, chiding herself sharply for her foolishness, she saw that the hat was still there, bearing the magic words, "Reduced to five and sixpence." 'Tilda fairly quivered with suppressed excitement as, clasping her money, she opened the swing door and entered the shop. She had never been inside before, and she gazed round with open-eyed wonder.

A polite shop-walker came forward and asked what she required. 'Tilda Ann almost gasped at being addressed as "Madam," but she recovered herself and answered boldly, "It's the 'at—the one in the window—with cherries on it, and a feather. It's been redooced to five and six."

"Certainly, madam. Come this way, and the hat shall be brought to you." And 'Tilda followed meekly to the back of the shop, where a young lady with golden hair done in the latest fashion, and a stylish black dress, presided over a large array of hats.

The hat from the window was soon fetched, and 'Tilda was invited to take off her own and try it on. The young lady could hardly repress a smile as she saw the comical little face with its scanty straight hair, and the big stylish hat perched on the top. But she had a kind heart, and did not let 'Tilda see her amusement. Indeed, she tried to persuade her small customer to buy something more suitable, but 'Tilda Ann was not to be shaken in her choice. She had waited long for the hat, and now her desire

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was attained. So she paid her money with a beaming face, and walked out of the shop with the big paper bag, flushed and triumphant.

What a trying on there was that night when 'Tilda went to bed! How she tried to puff out her hair!—with but small success. Happily, she did not realise what a comical little figure she looked, and she tumbled into her hard bed to sleep and dream of her treasure.

The next afternoon being fine, Mrs. Smart decided to take her children out herself, and 'Tilda Ann was free to go to her class. She did not put on the new hat—that was reserved for the picnic—but she set out in a very happy frame of mind. It was a long walk, and 'Tilda arrived a little late. But she found a chair next to Jennie Harris, who was rather a friend of hers. 'Tilda thought that Jennie looked very miserable, but she was in such high spirits herself that she did not pay much attention to her till after the class. When they were walking through the park towards home, she spoke of the picnic.

"I can't go," said Jennie, listlessly. "I'm goin' to a weddin'. My brother that lives in Manchester's goin' to be married that day, and I'm to be bride-maid."

"Nice to be you," commented 'Tilda Ann. "I've never been to a weddin' in my life. Wot's yer goin' to wear?"

"That's just it," said Jennie. "I thought I was goin' to 'ave a real good time, and now I shan't enjoy it one bit." And to 'Tilda's amazement and dismay Jennie burst into tears.

'Tilda led her friend to a seat and strove to comfort her. It was some time before she could find out what was the trouble, but at last Jennie managed to calm herself sufficiently to tell her story.

"It's all along of a 'at," she said. "That 'at that's been in Turner's so long. I expect you've seen it. It's got cherries on it, and a feather." 'Tilda gasped as she recognised the description, but she said nothing.

"Well," said Jennie, "when Tom wrote to me last month and arst me to be brides-maid, I thought of that 'at. It was marked eight and six, and I'd only got six shillings. But nobody bought it, and then on Friday afternoon, I was 'urrying 'ome, after going to the post office for the missus, and I saw that the 'at was marked five and six. So

I'd got enough money, because Tom's promised to pay my fare, and I'm going to wear my last year's best dress—the grey one, you know. So I thought I was quite safe to get the 'at. Silly like, I was in an 'urry, and I didn't go in and ask them to keep it for me, but I went 'ome and I wrote to Clara—she's to be my sister, Tom's young lady—and I told her all about the 'at. And I was so certain sure that I'd be able to buy it that I didn't let on that I 'adn't really got it, and she thinks I 'ave, and she'll tell everyone about it. She's such a talker, is Clara." Here Jennie collapsed again.

"Well!" said 'Tilda, rather impatiently. She felt vaguely worried. Though she recognised the description of her hat, somehow she did not like to say she had bought it.

Jennie choked back her sobs and continued: "I couldn't get out till nearly ten last night, because there was a tea-party at our place, and when I got to the shop the 'at was gone. They'd sold it just a little while before. I asked them if they'd do me another just like it, but they said as 'ow it was a dead loss—they couldn't get one for less than fifteen shillings, and only that if I paid the money down. So I can't get it, and they'll laugh at me so, and I declare I've 'arf a mind not to go."

'Tilda wrinkled her forehead. She was sorry for Jennie. But, after all, she had wanted the hat too, and she had come first—and she had saved up for months for it. She spoke vague words of comfort to Jennie, but she felt uncomfortable, and she was glad when Jennie said she must hurry home to lay tea.

'Tilda remained in the park, outwardly engaged in watching the children playing on the grass, but inwardly she was thinking deeply. 'Tilda was a bit of a Socialist in her way, and had ideas of brotherhood and sisterhood, and she somehow felt as if she was defrauding Jennie of her rights. Still, she needed the hat as much as Jennie did, for was she not going out on the same day, she told herself fiercely? How foolish of Jennie to have written as if she already had the hat! She must get another. 'Tilda felt glad that she had not mentioned that she had bought the hat. Perhaps Jennie would have thought she might have given it up. But why should she? Jennie was nothing to her. They were friends—nothing more.

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But 'Tilda Ann had a very tender heart, and all that evening she kept thinking of Jennie's distress. She crept upstairs to her bedroom once and took a look at the hat, but her feeling of admiration was marred by the thought of Jennie's loss. And Jennie had such a lot of thick, wavy, dark hair. 'Tilda was unwillingly compelled to acknowledge to herself that the hat would just suit Jennie.

All the next day 'Tilda pondered the knotty question. Why should she feel so badly about Jennie, and why should she worry? But her peace of mind was gone. And every look at the hat now gave her a twinge—her feeling of pure satisfaction had vanished.

"Yer orter be ashamed of yerself, 'Tilda Ann," she said to herself sternly, as she

came downstairs to lay tea after her tenth inspection of the hat. "Why can't yer make up yer mind? Jennie 'ad the money first, and yer knows what yer orter to do. But it's very 'ard," she sighed. "Now, Freddy, keep yer fingers out of the sugar basin, or there'll be no jam for tea. There, 'Tilda, yer're losing yer temper, and it's all along of that 'at. I'm ashamed of yer."

The result of all these cogitations was that 'Tilda begged for another half an hour out that evening. Mrs. Smart was surprised, but 'Tilda was so earnest that she gave way, and 'Tilda, after putting the babies to bed, went with lagging steps to her little room.

She dressed herself hurriedly, and then, opening the paper bag, took another peep at her treasure. Her heart almost failed her, but 'Tilda had rare courage hidden

somewhere in her bony little frame. She took up the precious parcel and went downstairs and out into the street.

The grocer's shop where Jennie was general servant was a good quarter of an hour's walk away, and several times 'Tilda felt inclined to turn back. But she went bravely on, and in due course arrived at her destination.

Jennie received her with surprise, and took her into the kitchen. 'Tilda laid her parcel on the table tenderly, and turned and faced her friend with a tragic air.

"It's the 'at," she said, solemnly. "I bought it. I'd saved up for months, and I didn't know yer wanted it. I couldn't tell yer



"'It's the 'at,' she said solemnly."

THE NEW YEAR

yesterday. I 'ad to go 'ome and think it out. But yer wants it more than I do. It's 'ateful to be laughed at." And 'Tilda's voice was sympathetic. She had a tender nature that shrank from ridicule. "So if yer likes to buy it off me, I'm agreeable."

If there was any lingering hope in 'Tilda's mind that Jennie would not accept her self-sacrifice the idea was soon dispelled. Jennie's face was radiant.

"Just to think of you buying it, 'Tilda!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of it. Well! it's real good of you, and I'm sure I'm very much obliged. I'll get the money. You'll have time to get yourself another 'at before Thursday, won't you?"

She went out of the kitchen, and 'Tilda took a last look at her treasure. It was no

light renunciation for the little, untaught, ignorant girl, but she felt she was right in what she had done, and she would not have undone her work if she could. She received the money very quietly from the now exuberant Jennie, and went out into the street. Once outside she blinked away a tear, and then scolded herself sharply. "There, 'Tilda Ann, don't make no more fuss about it; yer done yer duty, and it's no use cryin' over it. Yer can buy another 'at now and 'ave all the fun of choosing it. 'Tisn't many girls as 'as the chance of buyin' two 'ats in one week." So she reasoned with herself, as she hurried home, a comical little figure enough; but under her ill-made frock beat a stout little heart, and 'Tilda Ann's sacrifice proved her to be of the stuff of which heroes are made.



THE NEW YEAR

ANOTHER chapter from the Book of Life
Is given to us, with leaves uncut as yet.
Its pristine purity shall we forget,
And mar each page with acts of petty strife
And selfishness—

Written full large in sin's unfading ink,
Line upon line that ne'er can be effaced,
Showing us anger, idleness, and waste,
Making us pause—impelling us to think,
And much regret?

No; rather let us write the title clear,
Inscribe the preface, start our tale anew,
Working with care that blots may be but few,
Nor let our old mistakes again appear
Throughout the whole.

If this new year, this chapter we could fill
With records true and right, that when our book
Of Life is bound we need not fear to look,
But feel that we, through good report and ill,
Have done our best!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

Our Doll-Dressing Competition

By THE EDITOR

**First Prize: A Splendid Sewing Machine
Six Prizes of "Thermos" Flasks
Twelve Handsome Book Prizes**

JANUARY 31st is the latest date on which dolls can be received for our competition, and I expect hundreds will be despatched long before that. Already they are pouring in, and there is every promise of a most interesting result.

May I call the attention of competitors particularly to one or two points? So far all of the competitors have observed what I have said about the suitability of dolls—no wax or "nigger" dolls, or white dresses, being acceptable in the Oriental countries to which these gifts are being sent.

But several of the competitors have not observed what I said about a label containing their own name and address being securely attached to the doll. Please write your name (with "Miss" or "Mrs." as necessary) and full address on a slip of paper, adding, if you so wish, the name of the Missionary Society to which your doll is to be sent. Fix this paper to the doll—a safety-pin is best. There will then be no danger of the doll going astray.

Care should be taken in packing so that the dolls are not damaged, and special care should be taken that the address is securely attached. Address the parcels to—

THE EDITOR,

"The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage,

London, E.C.,

marking on the left-hand bottom corner "Competition."

First Join the League

Readers will please remember that this Competition is in connection with the League of Loving Hearts, and only members of that League can compete. But you can at once become a member by filling in the coupon which will be found in our advertisement section and sending it, with one shilling, to the Editor. The shilling goes to the funds of the ten societies for which we are collecting. Please do not send the shilling in with the parcel containing the doll; it is liable to be mislaid. Post your applica-

tion and remittance at once, and you will receive the beautiful certificate of membership entitling you to compete.

The Cost of the Dolls

Several competitors have written me in reference to the limit of cost I have set. It will be remembered that in order to give all competitors a fair chance I said that the total cost of the doll should not exceed one shilling. I did not want a few competitors to buy expensive items and so carry off the prize. One shilling is the total amount which you must actually spend, *including* the doll itself and whatever materials you purchase for dressing it. But I do not want any competitor to feel qualms of conscience about using any little odds and ends that may be at hand. Use these by all means, and the more ingenuity you display in their use the better. I want to see some really good specimens, fully dressed from hat to shoes and socks, and I believe that there is room for some good work, not only in the outer garments, but in the underclothing—and this will be fully appreciated by our foreign sisters who will ultimately receive these gifts of yours.

Two other points: Once you have become a member of the League of Loving Hearts, you may send as many dolls as you like—they will all stand a chance of a prize, and they will all be put to good use. Contributions to the League are not limited to one shilling. That is the minimum, but many readers have been able to send much more. The societies to which the money goes are thoroughly deserving of your support, and will use well any sum you are able to send.

Christmas Time

Many of my readers will receive this number before Christmas. Please remember the great strain on the postal service during this week, and the danger of parcels getting damaged or going astray, and keep over your dolls until after December 26th. Post them as soon after that date as you like.

The Manse and the Minister

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER

By the Rev. HINCHCLIFFE HIGGINS

NEARLY fifty years ago there was published by Oliphant's, of Edinburgh, a belated volume, a copy of which came into my possession recently on the dispersal of a venerable minister's library. I looked at the book curiously, for I had never heard of either it or its subject. And my ignorance, as is not unusual, had caused me to miss, until that fortunate moment, a very good thing. It was the life of Dr. George Lawson, Secession minister at Selkirk, who "flourished" between the years 1749 and 1820. But, strange to say, the biography was not written until the year 1861—forty-one years after the subject of it died, an old man. So that the book really deals with Scottish life and character from the middle to the close of the eighteenth century.

The memoir runs to four hundred and eighty pages, large octavo, and is written in that leisurely and copious way which marked the literary and sermonic deliverances of Scottish divines half a century ago. It was but fitting, after waiting and hesitating for forty-one years, that the writer of the biography should take his time in the production of this his book. Notwithstanding a deep underlying note of seriousness—as befits the subject—the book has not a little of Boswellian flavour in it, and is altogether a quaint mixture of robust piety, Scottish cocksureness, and pawky humour.

The numerous anecdotes are especially good, and afford delightful glimpses of Scottish middle-class and rural life in those times. From the nature of the subject the stories naturally gravitate round the manse and the parish, the minister and his people. Kirk life in Scotland has always been more closely allied with the life of the people than has been the case in England.

The Rev. George Lawson, famous for nearly fifty years as the minister of Selkirk Secession church and Professor of Theology in the Secession Institute, was the son of a small farmer. As a boy he was shy, awkward, and absent-minded—the last quality distinguishing him and leading to numerous odd episodes throughout his long career.

Wishing to have the lad prepared for college and the kirk, his parents took him to their minister for advice and assistance.

This minister was a notable man in the bleak countryside where the Lawsons lived, a stalwart pioneer in the young Secession Church, and, though of arbitrary and impatient temper, highly respected for his character and ability. He heard what the fond parents had to say, but, hastily mistaking the lad's awkwardness for dulness and lack of parts, he rudely burst out on the father—

"I tell thee, man, he has no mother-wit. If a man wants lair he may get that; and if he wants riches he may get them;



DR. GEORGE LAWSON.

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and even if he wants grace he may get it; but if a man want common-sense, I tell thee, man, he will never get that."

The fiery divine, however, soon altered his opinion of young Lawson.

A sly anecdote, by the way, is told of this country pastor and his man-servant. They had frequent bickerings. At last the man determined to leave his place, and told his employer so.

"Hoot toot," said the minister, "what's making you think of that?"

"Deed, sir," was the reply, "to tell you the even down truth, your temper is so bad I cannot bear it any longer."

"Fie, man," replied the minister. "I am sure ye ken that it's no sooner on than it's off again."

"Weel a wat," responded the man, "that's true; but then the evil is that it's nae sooner *off* than it's *on* again."

There was a long-winded elder in this gentleman's church who had an overweening conceit of his "gifts." One day he attended a farmhouse funeral. The company assembled in the barn to partake of refreshments before starting on the long walk to the kirk-yard, and the elder was asked to offer the thanksgiving prayer. Such a grand opportunity was not to be lightly used! He started with the fall of Adam, and went steadily down from one great Bible doctrine to another till patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed between the mourners. One by one they deserted the barn, and the funeral procession started for the distant kirkyard. When the elder came to the close of his prayer and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and going to the door discovered that the procession was fully a mile on its way. The historian unnecessarily adds, "His conceited soul was somewhat chafed."

George Lawson's capacity being at length duly acknowledged, he was placed under the tuition of a young student of divinity, who, after the thrifty Scottish fashion, employed his vacations in teaching. This gentleman was in after years well known as the Rev. John Johnstone, minister of Ecclefechan, and the tutor of Thomas Carlyle. He was, we read, "one of the most accomplished of men, and one of the best specimens of a Christian minister." Of him Thomas Carlyle is said to have declared, "I have seen many duly capped and equipped bishops

and other episcopal dignitaries; but I have never seen one who more beautifully combined in himself the Christian and the Christian gentleman than did Mr. Johnstone."

After the requisite course at Edinburgh University and the Theological Hall, George Lawson was duly ordained as minister of the Secession, or Burgh, kirk at Selkirk, in the year 1771, at the early age of twenty-one, and at the munificent salary of £70 a year. And there the modest, shy, gentle, and wonderfully learned man began the fifty years' ministry which, in a quiet, unobtrusive, but very effectual way, was to have such a great and lasting influence on the Church life of Scotland.

A Marvellous Memory

His predecessor had been a man of remarkable gifts as a popular and eloquent preacher. In that way Lawson was never distinguished, for, though his reputation as a preacher was always considerable it depended more on his wide theological learning, his unique acquaintance with the Scriptures, and his expository power, than on the more popular gifts of oratory and eloquence. When quite a youth he could repeat whole chapters of the Hebrew Bible from memory; and so marvellous, indeed, was his memory that in after years he admitted, in his shy way, when pressed on the subject, that if the English Bible were destroyed he could reproduce it verbatim, and in due order, though he could not be sure of the sequence of some parts of the book of Proverbs. Such a statement may seem astounding, yet it is duly set down in the book, on the authority of Dr. Macfarlane, the author, himself a reputable Scottish divine.

Selkirk and its charming neighbourhood, its history and its literary associations, are too well known to need any description. There the Yarrow and the Ettrick meet, beloved of Scottish poets and romancers; and there in olden times round the extensive landscape stood one vast forest. The forest is gone—

"The scenes are desert now and bare
Where flourished once a forest fair,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow."

The famous Covenanters' battle of Philiphaugh was fought in the neighbourhood in

THE MANSE AND THE MINISTER

1645; in a little farmhouse near by Mungo Park, the African traveller, was born; and in its hospitable kitchen, or in the manse study, Dr. Lawson and Park smoked many friendly pipes while the latter told to his delighted hearer the wonderful story of his wanderings. A mile or two away stood the ruins of Newark Castle, familiar to every reader of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Melrose Abbey was not far distant, nor Abbotsford, "standing on a beautifully wooded sloping bank, washed by 'Tweed's silvery streams.'"

For many years the good Secession minister of Selkirk and the sturdy Walter Scott (he was not baronet yet), sheriff, poet, and novelist, were neighbours, and held each other in mutual respect. Their acquaintance was not very close, for their ways of life, their convictions, and their religious and political principles were not akin. But they met occasionally, and Scott more than once expressed his high opinion of the great learning and simple pious life of the Burgh minister; while Lawson, on his part, admired the genius of Scott, and, though no reader of the lighter forms of literature, made an exception in the case of Scott's. When "St. Ronan's Well" was published, it was shrewdly suspected, by those who knew many stories of Lawson's gentle life and remarkable absence of mind, that Scott found the original of the Rev. Josiah Cargill in the Selkirk minister.

The Absent-Minded Minister

Some of the anecdotes of the profound scholar's absent-mindedness are certainly very amusing. One day, in his later life, he was sitting in his study, when the maid rushed into the room and cried out that the



house was on fire. The minister looked up from his desk in a puzzled sort of way, and calmly replied, "Ye'll just go and teli your mistress. Ye ken, Mary, I never interfere in domestic matters."

One very rainy day he was trudging along the road, deep in thought and very wet, when a friend whose door he was passing saw the plight he was in and hastily pushed an umbrella into his hand. As Lawson went along, the rain still falling in true Scotch fashion, another friend met him and noticed that the umbrella was carefully buttoned up in his greatcoat.

"Doctor," said the gentleman, "I am sorry your umbrella has not served you in this heavy rain."

"Oh!" replied Lawson absently, "I have a good umbrella, but I have concealed it here, lest it got wetted by the shower."

His quiet dignity, his practical goodness, and a certain unmistakable mastery of character in all essential matters, entirely preserved him from ever becoming ridiculous. On the other hand his shrewd common sense and his philosophic temper, together with his marvellous knowledge of the Bible, often enabled him effectually to silence folly and ignorance.

He was told of a man whose hair was jet black one day and on the next had become as white as snow through fright.

THE QUIVER

"Ay, ay," said the doctor; "I recollect to have heard of a man whose brown wig turned grey through a fright he got."

A grumbling and dyspeptic critic in the Selkirk congregation once excused his ill-natured comments in the not uncommon formula of such people.

"I aye like to speak a' my mind."

"Do you know," sternly inquired the minister, "what Solomon says of such as you?"

"No," replied the man. "What does Solomon say?"

"He says," rejoined the doctor, "'A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards.'"

It is comforting to read that the critic never annoyed the minister again.

The theory of the verbal inspiration of the Bible receives a shock in the following. A certain dogmatic person asserted in Lawson's presence that he took everything stated in the Bible in an exactly literal sense and in no other. Lawson immediately replied—

"It is written in the Book of Revelation that 'There appeared another wonder in heaven . . . a great red dragon . . . and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth.' Now, sir, do you take *that* as it stands?" It was a poser for the unwise dogmatist.

How the Minister Proposed

It is stated—though the story is not vouched for—that when the shy young minister had been settled in the manse four or five years his people decided that he ought to marry. A deputation waited on him and offered their friendly help. Lawson asked them where he could find a good wife. They mentioned a particular family where there were several daughters, any one of whom would suit. Acting on the advice, Mr. Lawson called at the house where these fair ones lived. He inquired first for the eldest, to whom he stated his wishes, but was unsuccessful; he then proposed to the second, who also refused him; finally, he sent for the third, who accepted him and became Mrs. Lawson.

It is also asserted that Lawson, being on a short visit to a friend in the country, forgot his wedding day until in the middle of the

forenoon he was reminded of it, and as he could not reach home before night it had to be postponed until the next day.

There was a quiet vein of sly humour hidden beneath the usually grave manner of the learned doctor. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there was in London a celebrated Presbyterian minister, Dr. Waugh, who was somewhat of a courtier. Dr. Waugh went down to Stitchel for a holiday. As he and Lawson were walking in the street they met the minister of Stitchel and his young wife. Waugh shook hands with the minister, and then courteously kissed the minister's wife.

"Oh, Dr. Waugh, Dr. Waugh!" Lawson smilingly exclaimed; "you remind me of the Scribes of old, of whom it is written that they loved salutations in the market places."

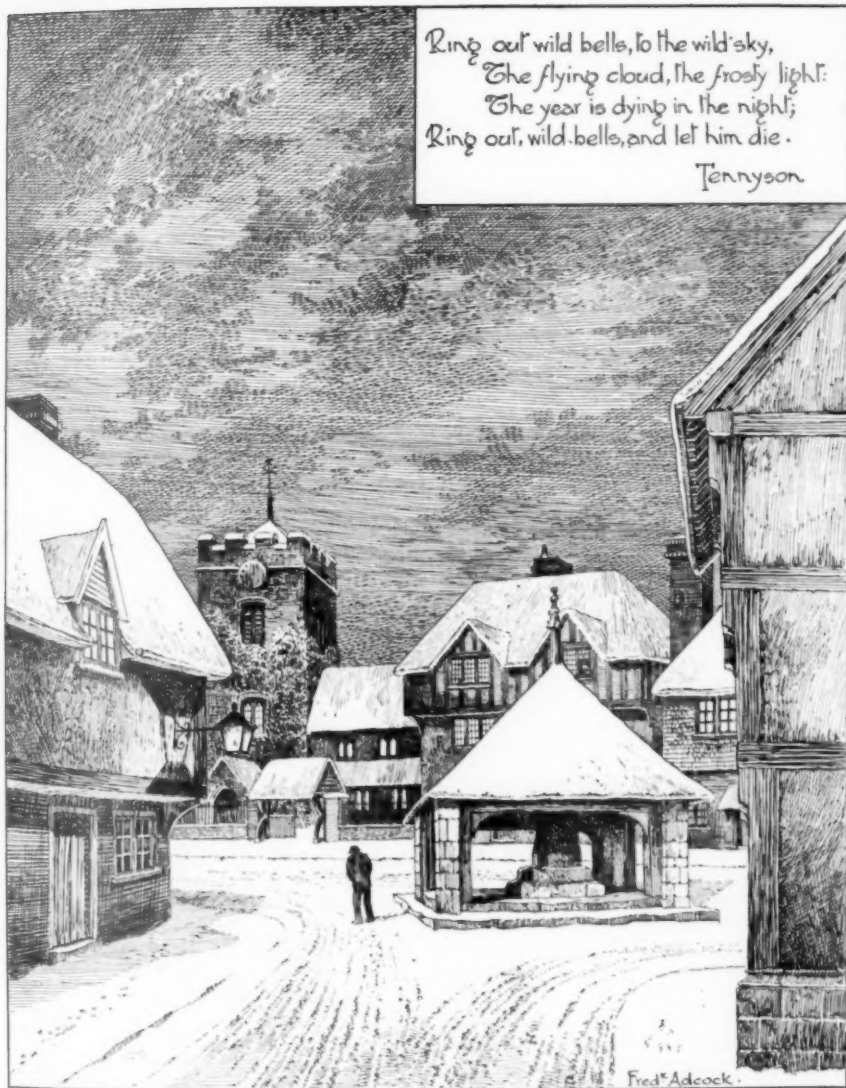
In the Leisurely Days

There I must reluctantly close this racy old book, though the half has not been told of its wonderfully good things. Such pleasant glimpses of the more leisurely life of a hundred years ago are worth catching by us as we go along our busier way. It scarcely needs to add that I have touched only the lighter vein; that there were deep and tender lights, fine qualities of heart and soul, in this old Scottish theologian which I have not dwelt on at all—qualities which endeared him to a loving and admiring people, and to the scores of students he trained for the sacred ministry, in an unusual degree. Indeed, I have seen nothing to equal the glowing, manly tributes which these same students paid to the memory of their beloved professor. Very touching and very beautiful is the last scene, when the aged doctor lay dying, and confessing his faith with the simplicity of a little child.

"His sufferings were severe, but he never waxed impatient. He was full of faith and much in prayer. There was no cloud upon his view of the future. Mrs. Lawson asked Mr. Young of Jedburgh to offer prayer that his departure might be in peace. This was done. 'Lord, take me to Paradise,' added the dying saint; and as the sublime petition dropped from his lips his soul was with Jesus."

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Tennyson



Fred Adcock.

• New Years Eve •



The Home Department

EVERYDAY SOUPS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THE art of preparing wholesome, palatable, and withal inexpensive soup is one that is much better understood and practised by the foreign peasant's wife than by many Englishwomen who profess to be adepts in every branch of cooking. There seems to be an ineradicable idea firmly fixed in the minds of women in this country that not only is good, nourishing soup a costly luxury for the table of the rich man, but, even if the housekeeping allowance would run to the expense, soup is too tedious of preparation and an altogether unnecessary item of the daily menu. Now this is all a mistake.

This subject of "Everyday Soups"—the heading of this article might be advantageously reversed and read "Soup Every Day"—is one which, in these days of ever-increasing expensiveness, should appeal to every housewife worthy of the name. She will find that a daily supply of soup will curtail her outlay, in addition to improving the health of her family, to whom, especially during the winter months, the constant variety of appetising decoctions will be heartily welcome. There are thousands of small houses, in all large towns, where dwells a family consisting of the breadwinner, the wife, two or three children, and one (if any) maid. It is an impossibility to provide hot midday meals for hungry and cold school children when the whole work of the house must be accomplished by one, or at most two pairs of hands; so the little ones are expected to partake of cold or

"done up" meat day after day, and with what result? Indigestion, nausea of food, and finally a fretful refusal to eat at all. Try these same young people with a course of soups, and note the eagerness with which the attack on the meal is begun. And what applies to the children applies also to the husband who, after a hard day's work in an office, returns home with his brain thoroughly worn out and his digestive organs in no fit state to assimilate the hastily cooked chop or steak.

The question of expense need not be considered, for, although a pound of meat will not go far amongst several hungry people, it will provide a very good meal when converted into soup. Indeed, many excellent soups are made without any meat at all, and, as to variety, there are as many different kinds as days in the year.

Golden Rules for Making Soup

The proverb of the soup-kettle is "The more haste the worse speed."

The first rule that the successful soup-maker must learn is that soup *cannot* be made in a hurry—time and a certain amount of attention in the earlier stages are required to obtain the best result.

An iron stock-pot is a necessary investment, and this should never be left idle. Remnants of meat, cooked or uncooked, trimmings of poultry, bacon rind, skin, and pieces of every description form the foundation of innumerable soups. The pot must not, however, be used over and over again

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without being well cleansed. As soon as the stock is made it must be strained into an earthenware basin and the pot thoroughly cleaned with soda and boiling water until it is perfectly sweet and free from grease or flavouring.

The great secret of soup-making is to simmer, and not boil, the liquid. It is important also that every atom of scum should be removed as it rises. To facilitate this a little cold water may be poured into the stock, which will cause the scum to rise abundantly. A wooden spoon is best for stirring soup or stock. When the stock has come to the boil, and is gently simmering, do not raise the lid of the pot, for this reduces the quantity.

Put fresh meat into cold water, but when making stock from cooked meat or bones pour hot—not boiling—water over.

General Rules for Making Stock

Beef is the best medium for producing nourishing stock; fresh mutton is apt to impart a tallowy taste, but the bones from a roast leg, shoulder, or loin help to flavour. The meat should be fresh—*i.e.* perfectly sweet—and free from every particle of fat. Divide it into dice. Put a little clarified dripping into the pot, and when it has melted add the meat and a very small quantity of water, only about half a pint. When the juices of the meat are drawn add the required quantity of water, regulated of course by the weight of beef and the strength of stock needed. Put the lid on, and let it come to the boil, then skim constantly. As regular a heat as possible should be maintained, but beware of letting the stock boil. When clear from scum, vegetables, flavouring, and any bones may be added. Let it simmer for six or seven hours, then strain. Next morning the fat must be removed (this can be clarified), and the stock converted into soup. By using all the pieces that accumulate in the ordinary household very little fresh meat need be bought; but it must be remembered that, if soup is to take the place of meat, it must be good and nourishing to be efficacious.

To Make Stock from Bones

Break the bones into very small pieces, and put them in a stew-pan with two scraped carrots and a stick of celery. (If celery is out of season, the seeds of the plant,

tied in a piece of muslin, will give the same flavour.)

Cover with cold water, bring to the boil quickly, and skim well. Simmer for three hours, then strain and allow to get cold. There is always a fine sediment at the bottom of stock made from bones, which must not be disturbed when pouring off the cold liquid.

Having obtained the stock, it only remains to use it in as palatable and beneficial a manner as possible. Pea and potato soups are much appreciated by children in cold weather. The former is easily made with the aid of some good pea-flour, and served with fried or toasted bread and dried mint.

For the latter soup mash three pounds of potatoes to a smooth paste and pour two quarts of boiling stock on to them. Add pepper and salt, and boil for ten minutes. Skim carefully and serve with fried bread. If liked, two ounces of finely minced onions may be fried and stewed in the soup ten minutes before it is served.

Tomato soup may be made by pressing a tin of tomatoes through a sieve and adding the pulp to two quarts of stock. Thicken with a little flour, add three lumps of sugar, and just before it is sent to table pour in a cupful of milk.

Apple Soup

This is not a very generally known soup, but it becomes a favourite when once tried. Take five pints of mutton or beef stock, and when it boils add one and a half pounds of cooking apples, pared, cored, and cut in pieces. When the apples are thoroughly cooked, press through a sieve, and add a small teaspoonful of powdered ginger. Simmer for five minutes, skim, and serve very hot accompanied by a dish of boiled rice.

There may come a day when there is no stock in the house, and the following recipes will be found useful.

Soup in Haste

Chop one pound of cold cooked meat very fine, and put it into a saucepan with two ounces of butter (or clarified dripping). Season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle a level tablespoonful of flour over, then add a quart of boiling water. Cover closely, and set it on the stove for half an hour. Strain, toast some thin slices of bread, place them in the tureen, and pour the hot soup over.

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White Soup

Peel and divide three large-sized potatoes into pieces. Put them into a stew-pan with two quarts of water, pepper, and salt, and three onions, cut into thin slices. Add half an ounce of butter and simmer for two hours. Rub through a sieve, add half a pint of milk and one ounce of crushed tapioca. Simmer again for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. Serve with fried bread.

Red Soup

Soak half a pound of haricot beans all night. Next morning put them into a pan with two quarts of water, one ounce of clarified dripping, and bring them to the boil.

Add one sliced onion, a small beetroot cut in pieces, two tomatoes, salt and pepper. Boil for three hours, pass through a sieve, heat again, and serve.



LIGHT WORK FOR DARK EVENINGS

By ELLEN T. MASTERS

THE long winter evenings are often dreary wastes of time for partial invalids and for those women who have practically nothing to do—or perhaps I should say have plenty to do, if only they have energy and inclination to accomplish it. Their powers of work have perhaps left them, thanks to the weakening of eyesight caused by advancing years, and for the same reason their physical activity is no longer what it was, and they are almost, if not quite, at a loss for something with which to pass the time. Now plain knitting is about all for which the class of woman I have in mind has any capacity. However limited this kind of work may appear at first sight, a little thought will show that there are plenty of pretty and really useful articles to be pro-

duced even by such simple means. This is perhaps hard to be understood by those workers who have not turned their attention

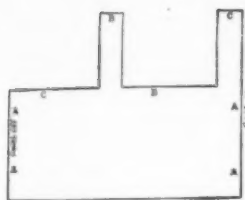
to the matter, but the fact remains that with daintily coloured soft wools, such as Paton's many varieties of Beehive wool, there is plenty for everybody to do, the results of which will be welcome enough as presents for invalids or for other similar purposes. Added to this, the task of knitting with wool is agreeable during the winter, though in summer amateurs are glad to lay the wools aside in favour of cottons and fancy threads.

By way of a beginning for some worker who has hitherto left plain knitting alone, with the idea that it is unworthy of her attention, I can recommend the vest for an infant shown in illustration No. 1. This indicates



NO. 1.—A CHILD'S VEST.

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NO. 2.—DIAGRAM OF VEST IN NO. 1.

about as easy a method of making such a garment as we can well have, and it has the advantage not only of requiring very little in the way of counting of stitches, but that it can be easily made more ornamental, if desired, by the addition of a crochet finish round the neck and round the arm-straps. The model was made with the Rose non-shrinkable vest wool (Paton's second quality), four-ply, No. 51. About two ounces are required for a small-sized vest. Two bone pins are needed, No. 7 for a tight worker and No. 8 for one who knits loosely. It is not always easy to work quite evenly with this wool and needles, therefore the tightly made stitches generally have the advantage.

The casting on and casting off that are needed may possibly offer some small amount of perplexity to an amateur who has not yet tried this easy way of fashioning a vest; but the diagram in No. 2 should make all clear. The vest, though straight in shape, is very elastic, and will fit quite comfortably. Cast on 100. These stitches are indicated by the words "Cast on" at the edge of the diagram, which should be looked at sideways. Knit 12 rows in plain knitting, then cast off 36, which will form the strap marked c. On the remaining 64 stitches knit 70 rows. These rows form the portion on which the first letter B is marked. Cast on 36 stitches at the same edge of the work as the previously made shoulder-strap, knit 12 rows on the entire 100 stitches, cast off 36, and knit 70 more rows on the 64 stitches that are left. Cast

off all. The last 70 rows make the portion on which there is the letter c, and the words "Cast off" mark the last edge of the knitting.

The edges A A and A A have now to be seamed together as flatly as possible. The next seams are those which secure the end of the shoulder-strap marked B to the portion B and the end of c to the place on the body of the vest where there is a c. One of these straps is sewn down to the front and the other to the back of the vest. The seams must be made quite flatly, and with the needle taken backwards and forwards, instead of over and over the margins.

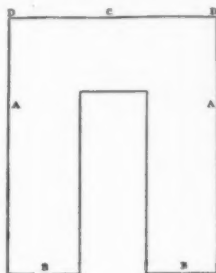
In our third and fifth illustrations I am showing two shoes, the first of these

being intended for a very small child and the latter for a grown-up person. Both are made with wool of two kinds, white and perhaps pink, blue or rose-coloured. For the child's shoe about a quarter of an ounce of each kind of wool is needed, and a pair of steel needles, No. 17. Cast on 40 stitches, using the coloured wool for two loops and the white for two loops alter-



NO. 3.—CHILD'S SHOE

nately. 1st row.—Knit with the white over the white and with red over the red. 2nd row.—Knit with the red wool over the white and with white over the red stitches. Care must be taken not to draw the wool too tightly from pair to pair of stitches, as if this is done the little shoes will not be sufficiently elastic to be comfortable. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until 24 are done, or until there are 12 tiny squares altogether. The loops made by changing the



NO. 4.—DIAGRAM OF SHOE IN NO. 3.

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colour must be kept on the same side of the knitting throughout, and as this will be the inside of the shoe they will serve as a lining and will give extra warmth. Cast off 2 with red, 2 with white, and so on till there are only 14 stitches left in all. Work 14 rows (7 squares) to and fro on these stitches; then, opposite the 26 stitches that were cast off, cast on another 26—that is, 2 red and 2 white loops alternately. Work 24 rows (12 squares) on these to accord with the beginning, cast off with the two colours as usual. The work should be then of the shape shown in the diagram in Fig. 4. A



NO. 5.—BEDROOM SHOE FOR INVALID.

seam must be made from A to A for the sole, using the red and white as required to match the knitting. Make another seam to join B to B for the back of the heel. Keep all the sewing as flat as possible. Gather the work in at C to shape the toe and make a flat seam of D and D.

There is in the model shoe a small strap which holds it on, and yet does not interfere with the shape of the slipper. Begin with the white wool and knit 8. Then use the red and white as in the main portion of the work. *1st row.*—Knit 2 red, 2 white, 2 red, and 2 white stitches. *2nd and 3rd rows.*—Knit 2 white, 2 red, 2 white, and 2 red. *4th row.*—Knit 2 red, make a stitch,

knit 2 together with white, make a stitch, knit 2 together with red (these stitches are for the buttonhole), knit 2 white.

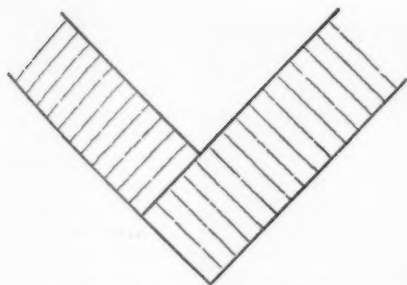
Continue to knit in the check pattern as in the rest of the slipper till 38 squares in all are done—that is, 76 rows. Cast off. Sew the centre of the strap to the back of the shoe. Place a button to correspond with the buttonhole, and oversew the buttonhole with a few stitches to prevent it stretching. Some workers may like to make two buttonholes, one at each end of the strap, and this may, in this case, be fastened with ribbon drawn through the

two holes and tied in a bow. A made-up bow should be added on the top of the toe to give smartness to the appearance of the shoe. Should the toe require to be deeper, it is easy enough to add a few more squares, and to make these in the same way as the other part of the pattern, taking care to keep the red and the white squares alternately one with the other throughout.

The bedroom slipper in No. 5 is intended for a grown-up person, and exceedingly

comfortable will it prove itself for an invalid or for anybody who, for any reason or other, is not able to wear an ordinary kid or leather shoe. It is wonderfully successful considering that it is made solely in plain knitting, and it is elastic enough to fit to any shape of foot. A sole (or sock) lined with fluffy lambswool is needed, the size, of course, depending upon the future wearer of the shoe. The socks are to be had either with or without a heel, as preferred, and any fancy needlework shop will supply them. The wool to be used is double Berlin, of any two colours that the worker pleases. They are usually selected to correspond with the dressing-gown, but this is entirely

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NO. 6.—DIAGRAM OF SHOE IN NO. 5.

a matter of taste. Use two bone pins, No. 8 or No. 9.

Cast on 10 stitches with the red wool, and for the 1st row knit these 10 stitches in plain knitting. 2nd and 3rd rows.—Plain knitting in the same way as the 1st row, but with white wool. 4th and 5th rows.—Plain knitting with red wool. Repeat thus till there are 34 stripes of each colour. Change the wool again, and cast off.

The next thing to be done is to seam the two ends of the knitted strip together. They must be arranged as shown in the sixth diagram, the end of one strip being laid against the side of the other. The seam must, as is usual in knitting, be made as little ridgy as possible.

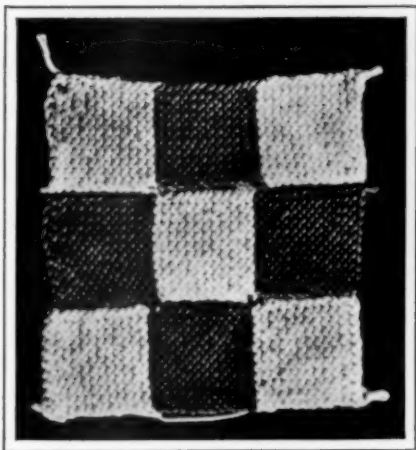
The work is then ready to be sewn to the sole. It must be measured so that the middle of the knitting sets down the exact centre of the back of the sole. It is well to sew from the heel on each side of it towards the toe, as any extra fullness there may be can be disposed of there to the great advantage of the comfort of the shoe by gathering it in when sewing it into its place. In the illustration no bow or trimming is shown because this would interfere with the clear appearance of the method of making up the toe of the shoe.

In the seventh picture I am showing a portion of a piece of work that would answer very well for a sofa rug, a cot, or pram cover, or, in suitable colours, for a bed quilt. It has the advantage of being easily made, with double Berlin wool, or with some similarly thick wool, perhaps of a cheaper quality, and coarse bone knitting needles. Cast on 12. Knit 24 rows in ordinary plain knitting, slipping the first stitch of every row. Leave the first ball hanging loosely; take the second colour, and knit 24 rows

with that in the same way. Take the first colour again, drawing the wool up the side of the work without cutting it off. Be careful always to change the wool on the same side of the stripe, and to leave the thread loose enough to avoid dragging the knitting out of shape. With some workers it may be necessary to knit more or fewer rows than 24 to form a square, as much depends upon whether they knit tightly or loosely. Continue thus till the stripe is long enough.

Begin the next stripe with the second colour, and work in exactly the same way. Knit the squares alternately as before, beginning with the second colour instead of with the white.

When a sufficient number of stripes has been made they must be sewn together, the long loops being kept entirely on the wrong side. This should produce a sort of checker-board effect. If liked, a crochet rosette may be worked and sewn to the points at which four squares meet, or a simple ring may be sewn there. Or perhaps a group of picot stitches, set in the form of a star and made with filoselle, using the whole of the thickness of the silk at once, may be worked at the corners. Possibly, too, the worker may like to make a small rose in crochet, and to sew it at each point of junction. This will look specially pretty if produced with some contrasting colour to the rest of the work. As most amateurs



NO. 7.—SOFA RUG.

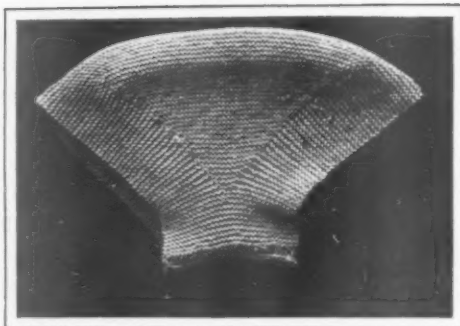
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know well how to execute such a device, there is no necessity to give directions for it here.

The edges of the sofa blanket or quilt may be finished with a fringe, or with crochet scallops, or with a tassel or a pompon set at the junction of every square.

Another plan is to make the squares in all sorts of different colours, which is a specially convenient plan when a number of odds and ends of wool have to be used up. Any stray needlefuls of silk may also be employed for the stars, always provided that they harmonise and that no one tint prevails.

Many aged and infirm people believe in the efficacy of wearing knee-caps if they suffer from rheumatism, and especially so when these are knitted with scarlet wool. This is not the most pleasant of colours to use, but what is to be said if it is believed to possess merits that other tints cannot lay claim to? The cap shown in No. 8 is one of the easiest of patterns, and it is made both finely and evenly, with single



NO. 8.—KNEE-CAP.

Berlin, and pins, No. 16 or No. 17. Some people prefer thicker wool, such as Scotch fingering of a ply that can be employed with two bone pins, No. 10. About two ounces will be required. Cast on 36 stitches. Knit 10 rows in plain knitting. For the 11th row, in which the

shaping is begun, knit 16, then increase by knitting the next stitch, then before slipping it off from the left-hand pin knit again into the back of it. Knit the rest of the row in plain knitting. Make 29 more rows in this fashion, when there will be 61 stitches on the pin, knit 6 rows plain—that is, without any increasing. For the next row, knit 16, decrease by taking 2 stitches together, knit this till in the row there are once more 36 stitches. Knit 10 rows in plain knitting to correspond with the first part of the knee-cap, and cast off. The cast on and cast off stitches must next be sewn together, so as to form a seam that is not likely to hurt; and there we have as good a knee-cap as possible at the expense of very little trouble.



OUR INVALIDS: SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

By CLARA E. SIDNEY SMITH

WHAT a splendid thing the gift of good health is! I am often given to wonder if we who possess it realise how much more thankful we ought to be than we are, or, at any rate, appear to be. It is when we are laid by on a bed of sickness for the first time in our lives, and feel our utter helplessness, that we begin to realise what a huge difference lies between good and bad health.

This short article is to be given to the consideration of those invalids who are not ill for a short time only, but for a permanency—invalids who have to lie day after day, maybe year after year, on their couch,

and who can hardly know any change in their daily monotonous routine.

It is almost impossible for anyone who enjoys regularly good health and strength to realise what the monotony of a confirmed invalid's life must be like; nevertheless, when we have such an invalid placed in our care it is our duty to try and realise it, and to do our utmost to lessen it.

Now we shall readily understand that little changes wrought daily in the smallest details of our invalid's life will do much to brighten him, and need not of necessity call for a well-filled purse.

We will take for granted, as a matter of

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course, that no trouble is spared in making every change that is allowable in the invalid's meals, and that they are always temptingly served.

It will be in the dark winter months that we shall find it most difficult to keep our invalid bright and cheerful; but we must face this difficulty with a brave heart and turn about in our minds what we can best do.

I am a great believer in every now and again changing the position of the furniture in an invalid's room, and if it is done tactfully, it is wonderful how even quite a small room can be made to look absolutely different, almost in size and shape too. It calls for no extra outlay (save that of one's mental and physical capacities), and the invalid will be greatly interested and cheered by the change. Also the position of the pictures and ornaments can be changed, and sometimes a fresh one brought in from another room and put in the place of any which can be taken out for a time.

Again, with just a little extra expense, a different arrangement of the window curtain and also a different colour of the same can be made, and this makes a very pleasant and enjoyable change.

If our invalid is fond of reading, or being read to, or looking at pictures, we shall be able to help him pass his time far more easily, for one's friends are always very kind in lending any of their magazines, papers, etc., for a few days' perusal. Flowers always brighten a sick room very much, but in the winter they prove an expensive item.

We ourselves should effect as much change in dress as possible, also perhaps sometimes do our hair a little differently—in fact, we should do anything that brings a little change to our invalid.

Keep all sadness and gloom from the room, remembering that, if it is so hard to bear even when we are in good health, it is ten times harder when we are compelled to lie still and think of it. Relate each day all your little stock of news in a bright (not excitable) manner, and as far as possible

let the nature of your information vary from day to day.

Sometimes, if two persons will play quietly a table game in the invalid's room he will enjoy watching it, although not able to take part in it; or he will be interested in them asking one another riddles, etc.

In the summer-time, if there is a garden (no matter how small it is), and our invalid can be carried into it, it will prove a great source of enjoyment to him, especially if he is interested in the growth and arrangement of plants. Here, again, it is possible to effect little changes from time to time, putting a seat here, a little flower-bed there, or perhaps an arch or rockery, and, if the invalid is well enough to be capable of it, asking him for a few more ideas.

Many confirmed invalids have very clever, energetic brains—in fact, sometimes the weaker they are physically the stronger they are mentally, and it would be naturally an additional pleasure for them to see their own plans worked out if it were possible.

One may, in reading through this article, consider these suggestions most ordinary, yet I have been at times most surprised to find how little change some people think necessary in a confirmed invalid's room. It is mainly due to want of thought.

Do not let us expect our invalid to always be in the mood to verbally appreciate our efforts for his good; for, although not uttering a word, he may appreciate them to the full, perhaps so much so that he finds expression difficult.

Let us throw ourselves, heart and soul and ungrudgingly, into our work of brightening his life, making him or her, as the case may be, feel that, instead of being a burden, they are a blessing to us, and that tending and looking after them is to us indeed a labour of love. There is no nobler work for a true woman than nursing the sick; it is one to which, if she possesses—

"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise,"

she will find she is especially called.



Conversation Corner

Conducted by THE EDITOR

A New Year's Message

THE coming year promises to be a momentous one: indeed, what year is not? No one can say but what it holds for the most even-tenored or monotonous life some startling change, some supreme event. One cannot look back upon even so short a period as twelve months without being again and again impressed with the unexpectedness in life. We are looking forward to the beginning of 1910, and many will be the new vows registered, and many the messages and mottoes that the event will call forth. I think, if I were asked for a New Year's Message, it would be simply this: Be bright, be cheerful, and try to make others happy. I know there is not much theology in it, and not much philosophy, but the more I see of life the more I am impressed with the need of ordinary commonplace virtues such as cheerfulness. I have not the slightest doubt that among my readers there are hundreds who need just such a simple word as this: Keep your heart up; the future is full of unexpected blessing; be bright! Anyhow, I am going to try to make these pages just as bright as possible, so that every number of THE QUIVER will carry a message of cheer and encouragement.

By the way, may I say how splendid I think it is of those readers who pass on copies of THE QUIVER to aged, sick, or distant friends? One of my correspondents tells me that she takes this magazine round with her when making her district visits, and speaks of the pleasure with which it is

anticipated. It seems to me that few things would be more helpful, at a small cost, than to buy a copy or two every month and post them on to some friends who cannot afford, or are unable to get, THE QUIVER for themselves. That, too, would be an encouragement for your Editor!



"The Good Shepherd"

IN response to the announcement in these columns a few months ago hundreds of readers have applied for copies of the engraving "The Light of the World." To judge from the kind letters received, our offer was much appreciated. I am now pleased to be able to state that our Art Department has prepared a companion to this picture—"The Good Shepherd," by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A. The style and size are the same as "The Light of the World," as is also the price. We have printed off a

few copies of "The Light of the World" for those who would like the two pictures, but we are unable to supply it alone.

The price (including postage in the British Isles) is 3s. 6d. for the pair, or 1s. 9d. for "The Good Shepherd" alone. I may state that we do not intend advertising these pictures. We have simply had them framed in order to meet the expressed desires of many of our readers.

Will those desiring copies please send postal orders to our publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 7



"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

CONVERSATION CORNER

Next Month's Features

NEXT month I am giving several bright, interesting stories. In addition to the serial story by Annie S. Swan, Kate Seaton writes "The Other Hand," L. G. Moberly gives "three pictures in a life" under the title "Joy," Mollie E. Jamieson contributes "The Portrait of a Lady," and my northern readers particularly will be interested in "Mary of the Muir," a Scottish love story by H. Halyburton Ross.

One of the principal articles in the February issue deals with the "Y.W.C.A." Everyone is acquainted with that great institution, but not all of us know its fascinating history. Some typical illustrations of the work and portraits of the leaders will be given.

Another article is from the pen of Mrs. Creighton, and deals with "The Future of Family Life." Mrs. Creighton speaks with authority, and what she says will be carefully pondered over by those who have the interests of this nation of ours at heart.

I have induced a well-known clergyman to contribute some reminiscences of early days. These will appear under the title "My Experiences as a Curate." "Amica" is writing another of her open letters, this time "To a Wife who says she has not been in Love." These are only a few of the good things I am preparing for the February issue.

Our Annual Volume

NUMBERS of my readers save the monthly parts of THE QUIVER and have them bound. Possibly many others who have not been able to do so will be glad to obtain the Annual Volume, which is now published. It contains two serial stories—by Amy Le Feuvre and Morice Gerard—and a host of short stories and articles. It makes a most handsome gift-book for old and young.

"The Future Life"

EVERYONE who is interested in the religious problems of the day should read the striking article in the January number of *Cassell's Magazine*, entitled "The Future Life," to which Sir Oliver Lodge, the Bishop of London, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Bernard

Shaw, Mr. Edward Clodd, Prof. Cheyne, and others have contributed their answers to the question, "Is Immortality Necessary?" Other noteworthy features are articles on "New Year's Eve Ghosts," "New Drawing-room Games," and many excellent short stories.

An Historic Sunday School Prize

THE illustration of the tea service on this page is of peculiar interest to Sunday School workers and others. It depicts the first Sunday School prize ever given for good conduct and regular attendance. The tea



(Photo: Park, Fleet Street, E.C.)

AN HISTORIC SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZE.

service is 150 years old, and was presented by Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, to Miss M. Harris, who recently died at the age of 100 years. On the death of Miss Harris the service was bought by Sir Alfred Spicer, M.P., who presented it to the Sunday School Union.

For Girls in their Teens

MANY who read these notes will still be in the throes of bewilderment on the question of what to buy for presents for Christmas and the New Year. I have received "The Girl's Realm Annual for 1909," which surely makes the best of presents for girls in their teens. The present volume contains four long serial stories by Katharine Tynan, Margaret Young, L. T. Meade, and "Alien," and there are upwards of 1,100 illustrations by eminent artists and photographers.

The Editor



THE SOWERS

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON

THE children stood in the field awaiting the coming of the Angel of the Judgment; and before each child was a little up-piled heap. The heaps were the last year's seeds from the plots God had given the children to cultivate, and each child had brought all the seeds his or her plot had yielded. So some had heaps of corn with very few tares and scarcely any weed seeds; and some had heaps that had very little corn and very few flower seeds, but just the seeds of weeds and other worthless plants. These latter were they who had been careless and lazy, and had not cultivated their plots aright; and they looked very miserable, as well they might, for when the Angel of the Judgment had passed his verdict the children had to take their heaps as they were, and cast them over their plots that they might grow and produce the harvest of the New Year.

One child was more troubled than the rest, and as she looked at her heap her tears came fast. Yet she had much corn and many flower seeds. But also she had many seeds of weeds and thistle-down, and much else that need not have been in her heap had she taken proper care. And because she was really not a bad girl all that would grieve the Angel of the Judgment caused her to mourn; and she wept bitterly. Soon she felt so bad about everything that she knelt down and prayed. She owned up to all her faults; and though she was tempted not to admit even to God that her one special fault was really hers, she conquered her feeling, and told Him all. Then she asked to be forgiven, and she pleaded to be helped to do better all through the New Year.

Even as she prayed she felt a gentle wind, and when she had said "Amen" she opened her eyes and looked at her heap again. To her amazement the wind that seemed scarcely to be touching the heap of anyone else was almost whistling through her own heap; and as she watched, it blew away first the thistle-down that soon was floating fast out of sight, and then the seeds of weeds which whirled in the air and then passed hence. She felt both glad and puzzled at the sight; and before she could decide what it meant the Angel of the Judgment was drawing near. To the two children whose heaps were next to hers he gave much blame and little praise, and quite sternly he ordered them to be far more careful, and to try and do better during the New Year. But when he came to the small girl who had prayed, his face lightened, and he looked at her heap and smiled. "Good girl," he said in a gentle voice. "You have little save the best seeds in your heap. It will be well with your sowing and well with your harvest during the New Year, for with you our God is pleased."

Before she could answer him a word, the child next her upspoke, and said, "Oh, Angel! I looked at her heap just now and it had in it nearly as many weed seeds as mine. Yet me you blamed and her you praise." The Angel looked anew at the girl who had prayed, and said, "Explain."

"Angel," she burst out, feeling ready to cry again, "I prayed, and a wind came and blew my bad seeds away."

"Is that what you asked for?" demanded the Angel.

"No," said the small girl; "I only said I was sorry, and I asked God to forgive me."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

The Angel smiled the smile of those who love and understand. "Ah!" he added, "then the wind was the Wind of the Mercy of God. It is a wind that always blows through the world, for God will have it so. But men and women and children only feel it when they confess their faults to God, and are really sorry for their sins. You, little girl, were sorry, and you asked to be forgiven, and at once the wind winnowed your heap and blew the bad away. So now your seeds for the New Year are nearly all good, and you will sow only the best."

The other children heard, and one of them said, "That doesn't sound fair. Why cannot we also pray, and why cannot the wind come to us?"

The Angel of the Judgment looked very grave, and thus he made reply:

"God never favours anyone, because He is always favouring us all. Do you understand?" The children nodded. Then he added, "Understand also that if you pray and are really sorry for your sins, at once the Wind of the Mercy of God blows and cleanses your heaps of the seed that is bad." His voice softened. "Children," he went on, "why do you not all pray? All children have need of the Wind of the Mercy of God; and now, when the New Year is in all our minds, it is a good time to pray."

He spread white wings and ascended towards heaven. Ascending, he looked down and everywhere he saw the bowed heads of children kneeling in the field below; and when he said, softly, to himself, "Bless them!" he was only saying what angels always say when children pray.



THE STORY OF SQUIRREL BROWNIE

By EMILY HUNTLEY

NEW YEAR'S DAY, and all the world in white. Because the old year had gone for ever the great sun sent his beams to pierce the thick grey clouds which had covered the blue for many days. The sunbeams shone on the dark city streets, and melted the thin white covering from pavement and roadway; but out in country places they shone on quiet woods where the snow lay thick and white, and made every tree into a shining fairyland. The country children were glad to see the sunshine, and ran out to play among the soft snow; robin redbreast flew out from his shelter in the ivy and sang his sweetest song to greet the blue day; the starlings came from under the eaves, and the thrushes and blackbirds joined them at the feast of crumbs which the children scattered.

And away in the great oak tree, just where the thickest branches spring from the trunk, Squirrel Brownie woke. He had been asleep so long that he did not know it was New Year's morning. He only knew that the sunbeams were shining, and that he was very hungry. You would be hungry too if you had not had a meal for at least a month! But to Squirrel Brownie that month was just like one long night, for he had been fast asleep all the time. He

did not feel Jack Frost as he crept through the woodland and left his white breath on every twig, for the walls of his winter castle were the oak tree's thickest branches, his bed of thick dry moss was as warm as *your* bed at home, and his coat fitted him better than any that you ever wore, while his long bushy tail coiled round him like a cosy muffler.

He did not know when the wind howled through the bare branches, nor when the soft snow fluttered down, for neither wind nor snow can find a way to the squirrel's sleeping place. But the sunbeams on New Year's morning carried him a message of spring, and he awoke. No little children scattered crumbs for *him*; the beech nuts and acorns lay buried under the snow; in the hazel copse the brown nuts fell long ago from the branches; the cones that still rocked high up in the pines held no ripe seeds that even a squirrel's sharp teeth could find.

But Brownie knew just where his breakfast was waiting for him. Had he not prepared it himself in those busy autumn days when all his world was full of nuts and seeds and berries? So with a scuffle and a whirl of his feathery tail, he is down to the ground. He does not like

THE QUIVER

the cold snow, but he can leap and run till he comes to his larder. How quickly his strong claws tear up leaves and earth in the hazel copse till he finds his nut treasures! He will not find them all, for not even Brownie can remember *all* he buried in the golden autumn. But he is sure of nuts for breakfast to-day, and because the sun is shining he will take time to crack and eat them there.

Brownie at Breakfast

If you could only see him at his meal! These sharp front teeth of his are the very best nut-crackers in the world; he will never break the kernel in his cracking! See how his strong hind legs, so good for leaping from bough to bough, help him to sit up and leave his forelegs free to hold his nuts! Can you see how his paws are shaped like tiny hands for holding? If you have dormice as pets at home, you can watch them eating just like that.

But Brownie's breakfast is over; the sunbeams are not warm like those of summer days, and he knows it is not springtime yet; he is away back to his nest in the oak tree. Just before he curls up to sleep again, he will sit by his nest and perform his toilet; he has combs always at hand in those sharp claws, and that glossy brown coat shows how well he uses them; watch him as he combs his little sharp ears and bushy tail, then see how good a towel that tail makes for the tiny bright face! Did you see him drop two or three nuts in that chink just by his nest? He carried those home in his cheek pockets; perhaps he will wake again soon, and it will be nice to find them there.

Do you wonder how *one* meal will last him for so many winter days? That is his secret; but perhaps if boys and girls lived on nuts and acorns and the tiny seeds hidden in the pine cones they could work and play all day long after breakfast only, and no cooking for that!

While Squirrel Brownie sleeps, shall we guess what he is dreaming of? In one dream he is a baby squirrel once more, swinging in a nest right at the end of a beech bough; and in the nest are three other

babies. How he longs for the time when he can leap among the branches as his father can! The little birds fly overhead, but he never longs for wings, only for strong paws to clasp the branches, and a tail like a feather parachute!

Now he is peeping from his nest as the strong brown rat tries to reach him, but cannot fight that fierce father and mother on so slender a branch. Or he hears the cry of the great owl that flies by night and seeks for baby squirrels, or the swift hawk that swoops by day, and he is glad once more that mother's eyes are so sharp, and her teeth and claws so strong.

A Dream of the Summer-time

In another dream he is at school in the happy summer-time: his school is the green woodland, and the lessons he learns are the woodland secrets. He knows where the pheasant's nest is hidden, and just when the birds are guarding their egg treasures, and in his dream he is fleeing once more from the pecks of an angry mother bird. He deserved those pecks, for eggs were meant for something better than a squirrel's breakfast! Once more he feels the woodland joy as he races along the swaying boughs and leaps across the sunny space from tree to tree or frisks up and down the tall pine trunk for the very joy of life!

But the dream he likes best is that of autumn days. Surely, in his sleep again the little ears prick up as he listens to the "pop" of the acorns as they fall, or scuttles after the smooth brown nut as it rolls along. Just one nibble at that nut, then away to the next; now a scamper into the orchard where the rosy apples are ripe, and a few sharp nibbles there; then to the business of winter. He does not know why he is burying nuts so fast—is he gardener planting a hazel copse or miser hoarding his treasure?—but it is autumn, and that is how squirrels live.

But *now* it is January, and Brownie is asleep. When the springtime *really* comes, we will go and sit in the woods, so quietly that he will never guess we are there, and perhaps we may see him building his summer home.



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HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,
To begin with, I must wish all of you a very happy New Year. I hope 1910 will be an especially bright year for each one of you, whether you are at home, at school, or at work in the wider world. I hope, too, that it will be a very jolly and useful year for us all together here, this first year in our Corner. I am busy arranging a scheme by which we can try to help some children who are not so well and so lovingly cared for as we are. Soon you shall hear about it, and I think you will approve thoroughly.

It is quite a

Big Scheme

and we shall want ever such a large number of Companions to unite if we are to carry it out successfully. I have been delighted with the numbers of coupons that have come in; but, knowing the secret at which I have just hinted, I am most anxious to receive a great many more. Let me ask a favour of you. Will you not each try to get several new Companions, so that we may be a strong band, and be able to do some real service together? Many of you say you are inviting friends to join. That is right. And *Irene Collier* (Salisbury) sends me two coupons and a particularly nice letter. She says, "I have a little sister (*Marjorie*), who would like to be a Companion too." Now, will you each try to help me in this way? I shall be pleased to give a handsome prize to every boy and every girl who gets twelve fresh Companions. You who try to do this should ask your friends to give you their coupons, filled in, and the penny stamps, and send them all in one envelope direct to me.

I have had such happy times in reading your letters, and I hope you have by now each received an answer direct. Don't you think our note-paper is pretty? It suggests a cosy companionship—doesn't it? A large number of coupons had no letters with them, and I am sure that if the senders could see my disappointment, when I open an envelope and find only a coupon, they would write very soon.

Prize Letters

I am proud of the excellent letters that many of you have sent, and it has been quite hard to decide who should have the prizes which I am giving this month. This letter has to go to the printers some time before you see it, so I am writing before the competition papers have come. But by the

fireside to-night I have been reading all the letters received between the opening of our Corner and the first week of November. Here is the prize award: The senior prize, for the best letter from a Companion over fifteen, goes to *Stewart Berghem*, aged fifteen (Streatham), and you will all enjoy her interesting account of "Toddie."

The prize in the intermediate section—Companions of over twelve and under fifteen—is won by *Winifred Welch*, aged fourteen (Sunderland). Winifred's holiday must have been delightful.

The juniors—those under twelve—have sent me some charming letters, and I am giving two prizes, one to *Walter Harvey Randall* (Wellingborough), who is nine, and the other to *Mary Isabel Young* (Sytychampton), age ten. Was it not curious that Walter's letter should reach me while I was staying for a short time in Bexhill?

The Story of a Dog

Stewart writes:—

"I am sending you the coupon, which I have filled in. I was so very pleased to find that a Children's Page had been started in *THE QUIVER*, for though that magazine is a very great friend of mine, I have always wished for a 'Page.' I do hope you will have some competitions, as I do so love going in for them, especially puzzles.

"I wanted to have sent in my name before, but thought I had better wait till after we had removed, as I know you will be quite busy enough without having to worry over changes in your readers' addresses.

"I was afraid that our new house was going to be very unlucky, as soon after we came here our only pet, a darling dog, was very ill. I am very thankful to say, though, that now he is almost well again. He is a cross between a fox terrier and a pug. We call him Toddie, after the Toddie of 'Helen's Babies,' as from his puppyhood he always has shown the trait of obstinacy; and though he is the most obedient of dogs, yet once he gets an idea into his dear little black head, nothing will ever remove it. Another thing which makes him so like the real Toddie is that when we were using the sewing machine, he always used to sit with his eyes fastened on to the wheel, as though he 'wanted to see the wheels go round'; that was, of course, when he was a puppy, but now, at the age of seven years, he is far too wise.

"He is a very great pet, and I must own he knows it. If he wants to jump on to our lap when one of us is reading, he deliberately pushes off the book and jumps on. He is a very clever dog, and does a number of tricks which we have taught him ourselves. He shuts the door, goes to the corner when naughty, and comes out again when we say 'Good dog.' He sings and plays the piano, turns head over heels, walks on his hind legs, and salutes. He does 'On trust,' and 'Ready! present! fire!' and if we put two chairs close enough together he jumps on to the backs and does 'Bridge.' If I tell you all his good points, I must tell you his only bad one—viz. GREED! I feel I must write it in capitals in proportion to the greatness of his greed. He

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will go right through his performance of tricks for the smallest scrap of dry bread, and he is ever in the state of 'always hungry,' even after his dinner.

"I think you might care to know from what cause he became ill. It was from two causes. First, because he did not go away with us to the sea, as we were not all away together as we usually are, but he was left at home with one of the family. Second, he worried so over the moving. Do not think, dear Alison, that it is nonsense I am telling you; but not only did the vet. tell us that was the reason, but since then we have come across the same kind of thing happening to another dog. I think it shows how human dogs can become if they are 'drawn out'—don't you think so? I must just tell you one more clever thing that he has done, one more out of the volumes. When we are telephoning in a strange room, and he is with us, lying on the floor waiting, as soon as he hears 'Good-bye' he jumps up, and goes to the door. Do you not think him clever? He has done it so often that it is not possible to be a coincidence."

Holiday Letters

"We have taken THE QUIVER," writes *Winifred*, "for a good many years now, and having read about the 'How, When and Where Corner' in the September number of THE QUIVER, I thought I should like to become a Companion. I enclose a coupon for a Certificate of Membership. I like reading very much. My favourite occupations are needlework, drawing, and painting, and in any spare time I have I always read. I have read a good many books by L. T. Meade and Evelyn Everett Green, and many other writers, and I enjoyed them very much. We had six weeks' holiday at school. My father is captain of an oil steamer, and the ship this time came to Rotterdam, so mother took me with her to meet father. I did enjoy it very much. It was the first time I had ever been on the Continent, so I enjoyed the sea journey. I went up to Amsterdam one day with mother, and some friends, and we had a very nice day. My youngest brother has gone to sea now, and he seems to be getting on all right, but we miss him very much, and often wish he was at home again. This is my last year at school, as I shall be fifteen next August, and then I shall leave school. Last year I won the French prize, and I got a French Testament."

"I think I shall have to finish my letter now, hoping you receive a lot of letters."

From Little Travellers

"I spent my August holidays down at Hastings," says *Walter*. "It is a very nice place, and I enjoyed myself very much. There are two glens there: I went to both of them. One is called Fairlight Glen, and the other Ecclesbourne Glen. I saw a Frenchman, and, you know, I could not understand a word that he said. I went on the pier, and I saw a man fishing, and he caught about twelve plaice. I went to St. Leonards, Bexhill, and for a nine-mile drive. I went for a sail on the sea in a yacht. Hastings is altogether a lovely place. Will write more next time."

Mary says:—

"I should like to tell you about my summer holidays. I spent them at Hallow, a small village three miles out of Worcester. At our school we have our summer holidays at the end of June and the beginning of July, just whenever the peas are ready to pick, so we call it the Pea-picking Holiday. Nearly all the children, even little tiny ones, go with their mothers to help—they like it very much when it is fine, but it must be very miserable when it is wet. They start out very early in the morning and stay out till tea-time. The farmers pay them so much a pot—generally sixpence—for picking them. Now I will tell you about Hallow, where I spent my holi-

days. My auntie keeps the Post Office on the village green, where I stayed for a fortnight. From the bedroom window I could see across the green and see all the houses on either side, some big, some little, some old farm houses made into nice cottages. Right across the green is the blacksmith's shop, and a weighing machine for weighing carts of coal and other heavy things. I often used to watch the blacksmith at work, shoeing horses, making the shoes, or blowing the bellows. A 'bus runs to and from Worcester every hour and stops at 'The Crown.' In the evening, and on Saturdays, the boys used to play cricket, and the girls ball, on the green; there is also a seesaw which I sometimes played on with another little girl. From the garden behind auntie's house you could see the church clock. Once I went to Henwick Mill, a very pretty spot between Hallow and Worcester. I hope to tell you more about it in my letter next month."

I wish I could quote more letters. There are so many admirable ones, but we have not room this month. Amongst the specially interesting ones are those of *Adeline Pearson* (Lee, Derbyshire); *Vera Andrews* (Wimbledon) (that is a capital plan, Vera, to hang your Certificate on your bedroom wall); *Harold Hill* (Sherburn) (I hope the arm is quite well now); *Ella Hemans* (Leamington); *Madge Brierley* (Blackpool); *Edie Taylor* (East Sheen); *Winifred Wicks* (Edmonton) (you heard from me about the recitation?); *Mary Thomson* (Cushnie); and *Edith Penn* (Hallatrow).

By the way, several of you hope you are "not too old" to be Companions. We have no age limit. The oldest Companion is a kind old friend of fifty-six—and that, you know, is not really old nowadays. And the youngest is little *Ella Govenlock* (Glasgow), who is five and a half.

Distant Companions, Please Note

Madge Brierley makes the capital suggestion that Companions from distant places should send us letters for printing. I had a card from *Marguerite Alice Foss* (Verulam, Natal), who is our farthest away Companion as yet. She has promised a letter. We shall be glad to hear from several Scottish and Irish Companions who have not yet written.

This Month's Competition

Just a few words more. Next month I hope to have a Puzzle Competition. For this month I offer handsome book prizes for suggestions for the best motto—not more than eight words—for our Corner. Let me have them by January 27th, please.

I am looking forward to receiving some photographs soon.

With my love,

I am, dear Companions,
Your Friend,

ALISON.

WHAT A DISTRICT MESSENGER BOY CAN DO

By HAROLD MURRAY



"AT YOUR SERVICE!"

WHY, I think he can do anything! The "do-anything boys," I call them. The other day a great quantity of books needed to be removed in a certain warehouse. I wanted the help of a smart boy. No difficulty whatever in getting him! I just poked my head in at one of the District Messenger offices, cried "Boy for the day!" and a boy tumbled down some stairs and trotted out into

the street with me almost before you could say "Jack Robinson"—or the boy's name, whatever that was. "You never know where you're going, or what you'll be asked to do," said I, as we hurried along. "No, sir," he said, with a smile. But when he was told to climb up ladders and carefully pack up books, he set to work on Dickens and Tennyson and all the other authors as if he knew all about them and where they ought to go, and the bright little lad and I chummed up as we worked—until the work was done, when he went off whistling, probably never to see me again.

That was a rather dull, tame sort of job for the boy, but just think for a minute of the things that he *might* have been told to do, when the man in charge of the office called "Boy!" and he flew down the stairs ready for action. In London we cannot help taking a great interest in these lads employed by the District Messenger Company. Perhaps you are old enough to remember reading or hearing about one boy who became quite famous—a boy named Jagers. Somebody called at one of the offices—which are scattered

all over London—and asked for a lad to go with urgent messages from London to Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia, deliver the letters, and return to London by a certain date! "Certainly," Jagers happened to be the first boy handy. Off he went on this long journey, did what was wanted to everybody's satisfaction, and when he got back to London became the hero of the hour. I believe songs were written about him, and he was even presented to Queen Victoria, who praised him for his long and plucky journey.

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will go right through his performance of tricks for the smallest scrap of dry bread, and he is ever in the state of 'always hungry,' even after his dinner.

"I think you might care to know from what cause he became ill. It was from two causes. First, because he did not go away with us to the sea, as we were not all away together as we usually are, but he was left at home with one of the family. Second, he worried so over the moving. Do not think, dear Alison, that it is nonsense I am telling you; but not only did the vet. tell us that was the reason, but since then we have come across the same kind of thing happening to another dog. I think it shows how human dogs can become if they are 'drawn out'—don't you think so? I must just tell you one more clever thing that he has done, one more out of the volumes. When we are telephoning in a strange room, and he is with us, lying on the floor waiting, as soon as he hears 'Good-bye' he jumps up, and goes to the door. Do you not think him clever? He has done it so often that it is not possible to be a coincidence."

Holiday Letters

"We have taken THE QUIVER," writes *Winifred*, "for a good many years now, and having read about the 'How, When and Where Corner' in the September number of THE QUIVER, I thought I should like to become a Companion. I enclose a coupon for a Certificate of Membership. I like reading very much. My favourite occupations are needlework, drawing, and painting, and in any spare time I have I always read. I have read a good many books by L. T. Meade and Evelyn Everett Green, and many other writers, and I enjoyed them very much. We had six weeks' holiday at school. My father is captain of an oil steamer, and the ship this time came to Rotterdam, so mother took me with her to meet father. I did enjoy it very much. It was the first time I had ever been on the Continent, so I enjoyed the sea journey. I went up to Amsterdam one day with mother, and some friends, and we had a very nice day. My youngest brother has gone to sea now, and he seems to be getting on all right, but we miss him very much, and often wish he was at home again. This is my last year at school, as I shall be fifteen next August, and then I shall leave school. Last year I won the French prize, and I got a French Testament.

"I think I shall have to finish my letter now, hoping you receive a lot of letters."

From Little Travellers

"I spent my August holidays down at Hastings," says *Walter*. "It is a very nice place, and I enjoyed myself very much. There are two glens there: I went to both of them. One is called Fairlight Glen, and the other Ecclesbourne Glen. I saw a Frenchman, and, you know, I could not understand a word that he said. I went on the pier, and I saw a man fishing, and he caught about twelve plaice. I went to St. Leonards, Bexhill, and for a nine-mile drive. I went for a sail on the sea in a yacht. Hastings is altogether a lovely place. Will write more next time."

Mary says:—

"I should like to tell you about my summer holidays. I spent them at Hallow, a small village three miles out of Worcester. At our school we have our summer holidays at the end of June and the beginning of July, just whenever the peas are ready to pick, so we call it the Pea-picking Holiday. Nearly all the children, even little tiny ones, go with their mothers to help—they like it very much when it is fine, but it must be very miserable when it is wet. They start out very early in the morning and stay out till tea-time. The farmers pay them so much a pot—generally sixpence—for picking them. Now I will tell you about Hallow, where I spent my holi-

days. My auntie keeps the Post Office on the village green, where I stayed for a fortnight. From the bedroom window I could see across the green and see all the houses on either side, some big, some little, some old farm houses made into nice cottages. Right across the green is the blacksmith's shop, and a weighing machine for weighing carts of coal and other heavy things. I often used to watch the blacksmith at work, shoeing horses, making the shoes, or blowing the bellows. A 'bus runs to and from Worcester every hour and stops at 'The Crown.' In the evening, and on Saturdays, the boys used to play cricket, and the girls ball, on the green; there is also a seesaw which I sometimes played on with another little girl. From the garden behind auntie's house you could see the church clock. Once I went to Henwick Mill, a very pretty spot between Hallow and Worcester. I hope to tell you more about it in my letter next month."

I wish I could quote more letters. There are so many admirable ones, but we have not room this month. Amongst the specially interesting ones are those of *Adeline Pearson* (Lee, Derbyshire); *Vera Andrews* (Wimbledon) (that is a capital plan, Vera, to hang your Certificate on your bedroom wall); *Harold Hill* (Sherburn) (I hope the arm is quite well now); *Ella Hemans* (Leamington); *Madge Brierley* (Blackpool); *Edie Taylor* (East Sheen); *Winifred Wicks* (Edmonton) (you heard from me about the recitation?); *Mary Thomson* (Cushnie); and *Edith Penn* (Hallatrow).

By the way, several of you hope you are "not too old" to be Companions. We have no age limit. The oldest Companion is a kind old friend of fifty-six—and that, you know, is not really old nowadays. And the youngest is little *Ella Govenlock* (Glasgow), who is five and a half.

Distant Companions, Please Note

Madge Brierley makes the capital suggestion that Companions from distant places should send us letters for printing. I had a card from *Marguerite Alice Foss* (Verulam, Natal), who is our farthest away Companion as yet. She has promised a letter. We shall be glad to hear from several Scottish and Irish Companions who have not yet written.

This Month's Competition

Just a few words more. Next month I hope to have a Puzzle Competition. For this month I offer handsome book prizes for suggestions for the best motto—not more than eight words—for our Corner. Let me have them by January 27th, please.

I am looking forward to receiving some photographs soon.

With my love,

I am, dear Companions,
Your Friend,

ALISON.

WHAT A DISTRICT MESSENGER BOY CAN DO

By HAROLD MURRAY



"AT YOUR SERVICE!"

WHY, I think he can do anything! The "do-anything, boys," I call them. The other day a great quantity of books needed to be removed in a certain warehouse. I wanted the help of a smart boy. No difficulty whatever in getting him! I just poked my head in at one of the District Messenger offices, cried "Boy for the day!" and a boy tumbled down some stairs and trotted out into

the street with me almost before you could say "Jack Robinson"—or the boy's name, whatever that was. "You never know where you're going, or what you'll be asked to do," said I, as we hurried along. "No, sir," he said, with a smile. But when he was told to climb up ladders and carefully pack up books, he set to work on Dickens and Tennyson and all the other authors as if he knew all about them and where they ought to go, and the bright little lad and I chummed up as we worked—until the work was done, when he went off whistling, probably never to see me again.

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TAKING THE BABIES FOR AN AIRING.

Hampshire lady who has a large number of cats, which she sends all over the country. Whenever one is going through London she orders one of these "do-anything boys" to meet the train and take the cat from Waterloo to the station from which it is to go to its new home. The boy is told one thing very particularly whenever he has this to do: he is to be very careful to keep pussy out of the draught!

Writing of cats reminds me that the boys very often have to take dogs out for walks. And, do you know, they take out more valuable live creatures still, for it is no uncommon thing for a trustworthy lad to be sent to take charge of a baby. He has to amuse the little one, and wheel it about, while the mother is busy shopping.

When people come to London they often get lost, but those who engage a district messenger boy can see all the sights in comfort. I have heard of cases in which parents have telegraphed for a boy to meet their son when he arrives in London from school, and to give him a good lunch and show him round the city. This often happens in the holidays. I wonder if you have heard the story—I

believe quite a true one—of the gentleman who called at a district messenger office and asked for a boy "to take a blind man to see the Exhibition." The boy appeared. "Can you do it?" asked the customer. "Yes, sir," said the boy. And he did. He made the blind man see everything through *his* eyes, you know—and there is a good lesson here for us all, which I will let you think out for yourselves. I will only say that those of you who go and cheer up poor invalid people who cannot enjoy the

things you do are like that boy.

There are heaps of other things the "do-anything" brigade has to do, and I expect fresh ones come every day. They run about with letters and parcels, on cycle or on foot; they fetch children from school, they sit up with sick people, they help ladies at bazaars, they keep seats for people at public entertainments by waiting patiently at the doors, they are very busy running errands for Santa Claus at Christmas time.

All kinds of people, from the highest in the land, make use of them, and really it is difficult to think of anything they cannot be got to do.



SHOWING THE SIGHTS OF LONDON

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

A New Year's Talk to Boys and Girls

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

A NEW year! It means so much! We sometimes turn over again the leaves of books we have read already, for there is something we like in them still; but who likes to look back on an old copy-book? Nobody! It is too full of smudges and blots and sprawling letters, and we would rather never see it again. In this respect they are all alike—the first page is neat and clean, the second is not bad but not quite so good, but the third and fourth, and all the rest—oh, the smears and the draggles and the letters, and how they all run sloping down the page! We are mighty glad to get a new copy-book.

The New Year's New Leaf

And it is much the same, is it not, with the old years? You haven't so many to count, perhaps, but do they not seem long? There are so many things we did, and so many things that were done to us, that it seems a long, long time. And they are all so full of smudges. There were the things we meant to do, but didn't; and, worse still, there were the things we did badly and the unkind things we said. I do not think, even if we could do it, that we would care to turn over the leaves of an old year any more than the leaves of an old copy-book.

But a new year—that's different. For the new year is all so fresh, so hopeful, so beautiful. Nobody has ever trampled on its white snows or made them grimy yet; nobody has switched off its lovely roses or frightened away its song birds. There is a whole year before us, and nobody has sinned one sin in it, or done one thing that was wrong. It is a new garden of Eden, a fresh chance, a clean page, a new year, sweet and good from God's own hand.

Making the Best of It

How shall we make the best of it? That is the great thing! There is not a mistake we made, or a wrong thing we said or did, that we need carry with us into the new year; we can let all that go away with the old year. What we want to know is how to make the best of the new one. How are we to do it? Well, there are many ways father or mother or teacher will tell you

about, but there is one way that takes in all the rest. It is this: *Make up your mind to do some good to somebody through all the coming year.*

You think that because you are so young you can't do much. It's a mistake: you can do a great, great deal. For it isn't money that makes people happy. It is love, and you can be loving—nobody more so.

Poor, Lonely Souls

Now there are such a lot of little children in the big city of London who are very poor, and very weak, and very lonely, for they are cripples. They cannot play and run about like others, for they have crutches, and they have pain, and so they do need a bit of lovingness. And you can give it them, for you can write a little letter once a month or so, or send a toy or an old picture-book to one of these wee suffering ones, and cheer and warm up a little lonely heart with a bit of love. Isn't it good to think you can do so much? Will you do it? Then begin the new year by joining the Crutch-and-Kindness League. I have told you all it asks you to do, and you can do it wherever you are, for it is all done through the post; so that if you were living away in the Back of Beyond you could still do this loving thing. And you shall have a little cripple all to yourself to be kind to. Oh, the good it does the little lonely one to know that there is somebody out in the big world thinking of him or her! Yes, but it will do you even more good, for as you try to make somebody else a little better or a little happier, there is a grand song put into your own heart, and you are made better.

The finest question to ask yourself first thing in the morning is, "What good thing shall I do to-day?" Ask it on New Year's morning, and, search and think as you will, you will find it difficult to fix on anything better than this: Join the Crutch-and-Kindness League, and have a wee cripple of your own to cheer and love all through the year, and as you do it you cannot fail to find the new year a happy one.

Sir John Kirk, the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 34, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., will send you all you

THE QUIVER

need to know about the League if you send him a stamp. So send at once.

Our New Members

Miss Armstrong, Coldstream, Berwick; Mrs. Attack, Addingham, near Ilkley, Yorkshire; Mr. Walter, Athron, Hare Hill Road, Littleborough.

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Miss Rene Jenkinson, Bideford, N. Devon; Miss Ethel Jones, New Barnet, Herts; Miss Sarah Jiemeaux, Worthing, Sussex.

Captain Keith and Miss Alice Turcotte, Ganmogue, Ontario, Canada; Miss M. Kelsey (per); Miss Ella Brown, Miss Vera St. Clair Heard, Miss Agnes McRae, Miss Flora McRae, Mr. Josh Dowdell, Miss Lucy Denize, Mr. J. B. Kelsey, and Miss E. B. Kelsey, Waihi, New Zealand; Miss Kidsten, Stirling, N.B.

Miss A. J. Lacey, Amritsar District Punjab, N. India; Miss Muriel Laishley and Miss Dorothy Laishley, Bluff, New Zealand; Miss Hilda Law, Forest Gate; Miss Irene Linstrom, Cambridge, New Zealand; Miss G. E. Lodge, Old Swan, Liverpool; Miss Lyons, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.

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Mr. D. Nicholson, Goodmayes, Essex; Miss Eva Nix, Paddington.

Miss Norah Palmer, near Royston, Herts; Miss Florence E. Payne, West Ealing; Miss Norah Pearson, Lea, near Matlock, Bath; Miss S. Pincher, Sligo, Ireland; Miss Kathleen Pratt, Denmark Hill, S.E.

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Miss Mary Waddington, Selby Oak, near Birmingham; Miss Grace Walker, Wakefield; Mrs. Wall (per); Miss Edith Cunnoch, Miss Elsie Eaves, Miss Rachel Jennings, Miss Dorothy Priest, Clifton, Bristol; Miss H. Wallace, Cotgrave, Notts; Miss Faith Ward, Bury St. Edmunds; Miss Helen Waters, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Miss Waterman, Glastonbury, Somerset; Miss A. Whatman, Rolvenden, Kent; Miss Lilian Wheeler, Wootton Bassett, near Swindon; Miss A. Wilson, Higher Broughton, Manchester; Miss Mildred Wimberley, near Newbury, Berks; Nurse Florence Woodley, Tereure, Co. Dublin.

Mrs. Young, Cape Town, South Africa; Miss May Young, Dumfries, Scotland.

This month "Little Folks" is more interesting than ever. In addition to the serials, it contains six complete stories, including a sea story by John Comfort, a tale of a Canadian snowstorm by Bessie Marchant, another of Murray Fisher's inimitable animal stories entitled "How the Porcupine Got his Spikes," and the first of a delightful new series of gnome stories by Agnes Grosier Herbertson. It also contains an instructive article on "Little Folks of the Far North," and a fresh and suggestive article on novel ways of giving presents at Christmas parties.

Tired Mothers and Corpulency.

Ladies who are too stout and who feel so tired, breathless, and out of sorts, will find the pleasant, harmless Antipon Treatment not only a marvellously beneficial fat-reducing treatment, but an unrivalled restrengthening and revitalising regime. It permanently cures Obesity and tones up the entire system.

WHERE is the delight in life without health and vigour and that feeling of perfect comfort and ease from which very stout ladies are estranged? Even the exertions necessitated by everyday domestic affairs, pleasurable though they should be, become too fatiguing, while healthy outdoor exercises are next door to impossible. These things should not be—need not be.

Powers of Antipon.

Of course, there are a great many more moderately stout ladies than extremely stout ones, but it behoves the former to beware of a rapid development of beauty's arch-enemy—the disease of obesity, an insidious affliction which in many cases does not exhibit any alarming symptoms for years, and then suddenly shows itself *tout d'un coup*.

Antipon is a sure remedy. It cures obesity in any of its stages, and cures it permanently. It cures it first because it roots out that tendency to grow fat which may only recently have discovered itself, or has perhaps given trouble for a long time past, and, second, because once the superfluous fatty matter is ejected from the system by the wonderful reducing power of Antipon there is no further development of excess fat at any after period. The decrease varies from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within the first day and night, according to the degree of stoutness.

Antipon and Strength and Beauty.

Ladies who have been addicted to partial starvation in order to keep down weight will appreciate this:—Antipon entails no self-sacrifices of that or any other sort. Since the tendency to over-fatness is overcome, where is the need to starve or drug or exercise oneself



Little Girl: "Do come and play with us, Mamma. You never do now."

Mamma: "No, my pet: I'm much too tired."
(To herself) "Oh, I must really take Antipon."

any more? The Antipon treatment condemns such abuses, and offers every inducement to the subject to eat well. Antipon, indeed, is a splendid digestive tonic, repairs poor appetites, and perfects assimilation and nutrition.

Strength and beauty return hand in hand during a course of the Antipon treatment; every part of the body—face, form, figure—regains beauty of contour; the limbs regain their firmness and shapeliness; the skin (upon which Antipon acts tonically) is purified and the complexion recovers the hues of perfect health.

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—"I have used Antipon in the case

of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day; and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she has had all sorts of troubles."

STRIKING LETTER FROM AN EMINENT FRENCH PHYSICIAN.

"Avenue Marceau, Paris.

"I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity; all other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous.

"You are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, as I like to do justice to such perfect products.

"(Signed) DR. RICCIARDI."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should there be any difficulty, may be had (on sending remittance) privately packed, carriage paid, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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This month "Little Folks" is more interesting than ever. In addition to the serials, it contains six complete stories, including a sea story by John Comfort, a tale of a Canadian snowstorm by Basil Marchant, another of Murray Fisher's inimitable animal stories entitled "How the Porcupine Got his Spikes," and the first of a delightful new series of gnome stories by Agnes Grosier Herbertson. It also contains an instructive article on "Little Folks of the Far North," and a fresh and suggestive article on novel ways of giving presents at Christmas parties.

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Ladies who are too stout and who feel so tired, breathless, and out of sorts, will find the pleasant, harmless Antipon Treatment not only a marvellously beneficial fat-reducing treatment, but an unrivalled restrengthening and revitalising regime. It permanently cures Obesity and tones up the entire system.

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JANUARY 2nd. JOHN, THE FORERUNNER OF JESUS

Matthew iii. 1-12

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The call to repentance. (2) The humble prophet. (3) The doom of the impenitent.

The Simplicity of Greatness

NOW and again in these days we have the claims of the "simple life" put before us, and in an age of luxury and extravagance the call to simpler living is much needed. Christ's forerunner lived in the simplest manner, thinking more of his life's mission than of creature comforts. There is, perhaps, no more striking example in our own time than that of General Booth with respect to simplicity of life. He, too, is a prophet who cares more for the welfare of others than he does for his own. In a little house at Hadley Wood, about fifteen miles from London, he makes his home, though he says himself that since his wife died he has no home—"just a place where I keep some furniture." And it is not much furniture that he keeps. Some years ago a friend left him by will the sum of £5,000, and tied it up "so that he should not be able to build a hall with it." On the interest of that sum the leader of the Salvation Army lives, and he finds it ample for his simple needs, for he is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and a non-smoker.

The man who is spending his life for the good of others has little time to devote to pleasure or luxury.

JANUARY 9th. THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION

Matthew iii. 13-17, iv. 1-11

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The declaration from the open heavens. (2) The devil's opportunity—in the hour of Christ's weakness. (3) The Saviour's victory.

Strengthened by Temptation

No man, says a well-known preacher, was ever worth much who did not pass through some severe ordeals. A mushroom or a cucumber may be raised in the summer-house; not so the oak. When you want that to grow, you plant it on the mountain slope, where it strikes its roots deeper into the soil because of the resistance it offers to the passing storm. The human frame, if it is to acquire strength, must not be

wrapped up for years in swaddling clothes, but trained to run in the race and wrestle in the strife. The good soldier is not made in time of peace.

Just so with temptation. The Christian who has learned what it is to battle with it becomes abler to meet the next attack, and knows how to advise others to meet the assaults of the enemy.

Satan Baffled

There is an interesting story of a little girl who got the better of the tempter. Her mother was reclining in the dining-room one afternoon when her little girl entered without seeing her. Going up to the table, on which stood a plate of beautiful apples, she looked at them longingly for some time, evidently debating with herself whether she should take one or not without first getting permission. The temptation was strong, and at last the girl yielded to it; and, taking one of the apples, she hurriedly left the room. A few minutes later she returned, and there was now a look of triumph on the sweet little face. Going up to the table, she replaced the apple on the plate and hastened away from the temptation, the mother's sharp ears hearing her whisper to herself as she passed out: "You nearly caught me that time, Satan!"

It has been well said that the devil never takes a holiday; therefore at all times we need to be on our guard against his subtle assaults.

JANUARY 16th. THE BEGINNING OF THE GALILEAN MINISTRY

Matthew iv. 12-25

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) What Christ first preached—repentance. (2) The call to the fishermen and their response. (3) The great Healer.

THE message of the Baptist was "Repent," and Christ began His ministry with the same appeal. Bishop Simpson once remarked that Spurgeon preached as if he had been destined from all eternity to win souls. The call to repentance was ever upon his lips, and whenever he stood up to preach he had a message for the unsaved.

Whole-hearted Surrender

The fishermen heard the call of Christ and obeyed. There are many who hear

THE QUIVER

the call but do not obey. The path of obedience is often hard, but it is never unhappy. Whole-hearted surrender never fails to bring its reward. The late Rev. George H. C. McGregor once told this story at a large convention. He was well acquainted with an old clergyman of the Church of England. He was the most godly man the speaker had ever known, but there was one thing in his life he never had given up to God. He had an invalid wife, and whenever we used to bow in prayer in his home he would pray up to a certain point, and then stop and say, "You know, I could not give up my wife. If I should take my hands off my wife, invalid that she is, God might send me to the ends of the earth. I could not do it." One day the old clergyman came to the end of the prayer that he had usually offered, when he dropped his face lower in his hands, and said: "O God, everything, everything!" Rising up, he brushed the tears away from his face, and, walking into his wife's room, said, "My dear, I have surrendered everything. If God wants me to go on a mission to Africa, I am ready. If I must leave you, you know why." She looked up into his face, her own face reddened, and she said, "Why, my dear, I reached that place myself years ago. Go, if you must." Then, said Mr. McGregor, that night the old minister's wife died. When they went across the hall to rap at his room to tell him that his wife was dead, they had no answer. They rapped again, and still there was no answer. They opened the door and passed in. And the old, white-haired man was lying upon the couch with his arms folded and his eyes shut, and his heart still. He had gone home, too. "And," added Mr. McGregor, "the best thing I know is this—that God didn't want them separated. He wanted their wills, and when He had their wills He would send them both to heaven in the same chariot."

JANUARY 23rd. TRUE BLESSEDNESS

Matthew v. 1-16

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The blessings promised. (2) Rejoicing in persecution. (3) The need of witnessing.

The Search after Blessedness

Two youths, says a writer, tired of life, sought the prophet who dwelt alone. One youth said, "O prophet, I have had all wealth and pursued all pleasure, but I have not found happiness." "It could not be," said the prophet; "pleasure is in things without, happiness is from things within." "True, O prophet," said the other youth; "so I believed, and I sought to know all

mysteries and all knowledge, knowing that happiness is within. But I, too, have not found happiness." Then the prophet bade the youth look up to the midday sun. He did so, but withdrew his gaze as one in pain. Then the prophet said, "Mysteries thou canst not fathom. None can look on God's face and live. We know in part. Happiness is not in knowledge." When the youth had recovered from his blindness, and looked with delight upon the meadows, stream, and hills bathed in sunlight, the prophet continued, "Be content. Mind not high things. Seek not to know mysteries. But seek goodness, purity, righteousness, and kindness, and thou shalt see God's sunlight everywhere, and thou shalt find happiness within. Herein is the blessing of the Lord, that a man be satisfied in righteousness."

JANUARY 30th. SOME LAWS OF THE KINGDOM

Matthew v. 17-26, 38-48

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The reward of keeping and teaching the commandments. (2) The new law of love.

Love, the Conqueror

THE old order was "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but Christ instituted a higher and a nobler principle when He gave the commandment, "Love your enemies." In a recent publication of the Salvation Army there is an interesting little story. It tells of the advent of the Salvation Army in a certain Dutch city, where a little boy of eight was heard to encourage his younger brother to strike one of the officers whom they were following. "Go on," said the older boy; "hit him. Don't you know that is the Salvation Army? You may hit him, or do anything you like to him, and he must not say a word except 'Hallelujah!'"

Love conquers when everything else has failed. A woman behind prison bars had proved unusually callous and unresponsive to every effort that had been made to reach her through Christian friends. She was threatened with the terrors of judgment, and she only laughed. Then they told her of God's love and Calvary. They pictured to her the agonies of the Garden and the Cross, and the love that brought God's only Son to the world to reclaim lost sinners. And then her heart was broken, and she said between her sobs, "I would never have gone into sin if I had known it."

Many a heart, that otherwise might have for ever lain dead, has been quickened by a message of love.

St. Barnabas' Vicarage,
558, Caledonian Road, London, N.

A Vision of Wretched Womanhood

Dear Friend,

The following is a description of a portion of my Parish by a lady who came to see how things were here:—"In some of the houses there are eight rooms with 10, 12, and 14 families huddled together more like animals than human beings. I entered one of the basement rooms by means of a lower staircase. The only articles the room contained were a broken bedstead with a portion of a mattress in a filthy state, a few broken pots and the remains of a chair. The stench was overpowering. On the so-called mattress was a vision of wrecked womanhood, clothed with a few dirty rags. The rent for this wretched abode is 5/- per week. I entered No. 6, found a woman and three children. The husband, a casual labourer, had not earned any money for some time. Two children entirely destitute of clothing; the mother lifted the younger one off a dirty sack, and threw a tattered rag around it. There was no food in the house, and none of them had tasted breakfast."

A lad, aged 14, came to Mr. Cheshire, our City Missionary, and asked for money towards a night's lodging. He was asked, "Where are your father and mother living?" The boy replied, "They are now living in a furnished room, but there is not room for me; the landlord will only let seven persons sleep in the room, and there is only one bed. Mother let me in several nights after 12 o'clock, but the landlord found it out, and I am not to go again. I slept on the stairs last night; if I can get fourpence I can go into the lodging house."

There are scores of other cases equally shocking. We earnestly appeal for help. It is written, "Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man; and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee." Gifts may be sent either to Editor of this paper or direct to me at above address.

Yours in His Service,

Frank Swanson

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